

ULSTER ANDREW BOYD

THE

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TED GOLD **EDUCATION FOR VIOLENCE**

J. Kirk Sale

TV News: Wrong Mix

Mel Wax

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LETTERS

open vs. de facto

Jamaica, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Ever since the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools, the question of *de facto* segregation has obscured the fight to implement that decision and to end, once and for all, those forms of discrimination for which the schools alone are responsible. Recently certain Southern federal judges, convinced that they are opposing the Nixon Administration and its Southern supporters, are concentrating their attention on the achievement of "total integration," for which we must read: "End *de facto* segregation." They thereby practically guarantee that it will take another fifteen years to fulfill the bare letter of the law.

There are still areas in the South where Negro children are bussed past the school nearest their homes, that its all-white character may be preserved. This is not "racial imbalance" but discrimination. In our central cities . . . schools are built, and the district lines so drawn, that the penthouse and town-house children are funneled into one school and the children from the low-rent project across the street into another. This, too, is open discrimination. . . .

Let the school system clean its own house. Uniform and honest district lines will produce far more nearly integrated schools than the present hodgepodge attempts to achieve "racial balance." There is an element of racism in the very term, which creates the impression, sometimes overtly stated, that Negroes in the mass produce an inferior learning climate. We should also demand an *immediate*—from one day to the next—ending of all legally or conventionally designated "white schools" *anywhere*. All discrimination in the hiring and placing of school personnel should cease forthwith, and teachers and students should go where they are assigned. All teachers' college texts and reading lists should be examined for "cultural deprivation" ideas, which should be banned as the racist writings that they are. . . .

If we search out and attack all forms of open discrimination in the schools, it will be found that we are not yet ready to deal with segregation that is merely *de facto*.
Isabella Black

medicine in Holland

Heemstede, Holland

Dear Sirs: Socialized medicine in Holland? The Portland *Journal* notwithstanding, there is no socialized medicine in Holland ["Move Abroad and Live," editorial, *The Nation*, Jan. 26], if this is taken to mean a national, all embracing health insurance on British lines. There is obligatory insurance for all employees under a wage limit, somewhere in the lower white-collar regions, and the premiums are partly borne by the employer. Medium- and higher-income classes in large part are privately insured with private companies or cooperatives; the obligatory insurance is carried by the old voluntary associations. . . . None of the insurance would have been applicable in the case of Van Der Sande. . . .

But, and here is the point, he would be eligible, as any resident is, for aid in cases of "heavy health risks," set up to cover long periods of hospitalization or prolonged treatment, that the insurers do not cover. Moreover, he would be entitled to any aid necessary in his case under the "social aid law," which makes social assistance a right, not a favor. These costs are paid for out of ordinary taxes.

The artificial kidney treatment of course is a problem in Holland too: there are too few units. But it is a fact that eligibility for treatment is not a question of ability to pay.
W. J. Jong

EDITORIALS

The Third Indo-China War

It is the nature of governments to deceive. In the perspective of its two-century existence, the government of the United States is no worse than others. In fact, in its early history, its candor was considerably better than the average. Now, however, it appears to be making up for lost time. Mr. Nixon may plead, plausibly enough, that Vietnam is not his war. He did, however, undertake to get us out of it. The plain fact is that the war is being extended, and so far Mr. Nixon has done nothing to prevent its spread. On the contrary, his policy of Vietnamization is dragging us deeper into the Indo-Chinese quagmire. Unless he takes forthright action to arrest this trend, it will be difficult to avoid the suspicion that he is not averse to developments that will enable him to keep massive American military power in Asia, and that recent events have been largely of our making.

Of course, that is not the official scenario. Officially, we were taken by surprise when the coup ousted Prince Sihanouk; we are now waiting for the dust to settle, and perhaps hoping for events to take a turn that might redound to our advantage. There is a suggestion that Sihanouk was overthrown because the enemy is losing, is being pushed back, and that this accounts for the turn to the right in Cambodia which, though nominally neutralist, had been giving shelter to some 40,000 to 60,000 North Vietnamese or Vietcong troops.

That scenario warrants scrutiny. It begins in Laos, where there was a tacit standstill with the enemy. It was incomplete, to be sure, but fighting was at a low level. The CIA upset that balance by egging on its mercenaries, deployed with the aid of American "advisers." The enemy retaliated and seized a major piece of the Plain of Jars. Did the CIA plan it that way? They may have been as innocent as unborn babes, but that is not their usual role. Anyhow, it happened; and it now appears that Laos is in dire straits—another domino is in danger of falling. There is one difference, however, from the earlier domino game: the public does not seem to be concerned. It does not demand that we "save" Laos; it would rather that we got out of Southeast Asia, and the sooner the better, as long as we retain some shreds of superpower dignity.

The illicit scenario continues with the coup in Cambodia. Whoever pulled the strings, the result was very much to the liking of the Pentagon and the CIA, and perhaps of an Administration bent on keeping a big, sprawling foothold in Asia. (See Michael Klare: "The Great South Asian War," *The Nation*, March 9.) It passes understanding that Prince Sihanouk's rivals should have acted so boldly, unless they had substantial covert backing. It may be assumed that the CIA no longer delivers sledgehammer blows, as in 1953 when Mossadegh was eliminated in Iran. Whatever weight the CIA threw into the scales may

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have been tossed indirectly—perhaps through Thai intermediaries. (We know that Thai troops have been fighting on the American side in Laos, and that the Thai satraps are unexcelled in intrigue.)

So now the Vietcong and North Vietnamese who have been using the Cambodian sanctuary are caught in a squeeze between, on the east, the South Vietnamese, aided by reinforced American detachments close to the border and by American gunships firing into Cambodia, and on the west, such forces as the new government of Cambodia can muster. From the standpoint of the Pentagon and the CIA it is a much more agreeable situation than when Prince Sihanouk held the reins. It is worth noting, also, that General Westmoreland has long advocated military action against Cambodia.

Can our Southeast Asian allies act in matters of such importance without American approval and some kind of commitment that, if the gamble turns against them, Uncle Sam will not let them go down the drain? The Cambodians say they are not asking for American military help now. They do not say they will not ask tomorrow.

What has happened took considerable rigging. Did the President know about it? Did he want to know about it? How much control has Mr. Kissinger got over operations in the field? Does even General Abrams know exactly what goes on while he runs the war from a desk in Saigon and with an occasional visit to the numerous fronts for which he, or the CIA, is responsible?

In the news these latest developments are referred to as the second Indo-China war. The count seems short. First there was the war in which the French lost the flower of their officer corps and got the *coup de grâce* at Dienbienphu. Then there was the second Indo-China war, engineered mainly by Lyndon B. Johnson, and which proved his political nemesis. Now we have the third war. Will it rescue Mr. Nixon politically, or ruin him? He must be thinking hard; his risks are not small.

The Case of Lieutenant Duffy

The court-martial of First Lieut. James B. Duffy, accused of the premeditated murder of a Vietnamese civilian, set a new record in Army snafus. There was no dispute about the facts. The civilian, Do Van Man, a farmer, was found hiding in a hut in the village of Phoucuanhung. For this reason, and apparently no other, he was suspected to be a Vietcong. He was unarmed, did not resist his captors, and was described at the trial as "docile and immobile." He was tied to a stake overnight and the following morning Duffy ordered a sergeant in his platoon to shoot him. The sergeant obeyed the order, apparently willingly. Duffy admitted all this and gave the impression of a candid defendant.

His lawyer, Henry B. Rothblatt of New York City, had a defense, however. He had been the lawyer for some of the members of the U.S. Special Forces

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group who were accused of murder in the Green Berets case last year and who were never brought to trial. That murder had been committed in the Duffy case Rothblatt did not deny, but in effect he argued that the Army had committed that murder, and any number of others, and that the Army was guilty, not the soldiers who did the actual shooting. Officers were expected to turn in the largest possible "body count" after an engagement, which in practice meant that when a Vietcong—or any peasant who happened to be in the vicinity—was taken prisoner, he was routinely shot in order to swell the count.

"Our policy," Lieut. John Kruger testified, "was that once contact was made we kept firing until everything in the kill zone was killed. We did not take prisoners." He testified that his battalion operations officer, Maj. Jeffery Templeton, got "very angry" when Kruger did take two prisoners after springing an ambush on some Vietcong. Another officer, Lieut. Ralph C. Krueger, said that "if a VC comes out of a fight to give himself up, that man is dead." These lieutenants were Duffy's fellow officers.

The military judge ruled, however, that this defense was invalid. When murder was committed the individuals who gave the order, or carried it out, were to be found guilty. The members of the court, consisting of a colonel, two lieutenant colonels, two majors and three captains, deliberated and found Duffy guilty of premeditated murder. Only then did they discover that this offense carried a mandatory penalty of life imprisonment. No one had told them.

However, the story has a happy ending. The members of the court were advised that they could reconsider the verdict. Greatly relieved, they put their heads together, found Duffy guilty of involuntary manslaughter, and sentenced him to six months' confinement and a \$1,500 fine. One young law officer commented that it was another example of the MGR—the "mere gook rule." Premeditated murder was intended to apply only to one American soldier killing another, or killing a white civilian.

From a moral standpoint, Lieutenant Duffy cannot be exculpated out of hand. If he is held guiltless, Eichmann and other Nazi underlings were unjustly punished. It seems clear, however, that Duffy and other subalterns were victims of the system, as well as minor criminals. Their criminality was subordinate to that of the government of the United States, which sent them across the sea to invade a small country and to wipe out inoffensive people in a fanatical crusade to crush communism and, not incidentally, to provide profits for American business and employment for American labor. What of those who devised the body count technique? What of those who lied to the American people about the rationale of the war, and those who promulgate such lies today? Having started with this 23-year-old soldier, are we going further up the line, or are young men to be forever sacrificial goats at the hands of their ignorant and self-righteous elders?

Essential Services

The Affluent Society has been taking some hard knocks lately and what is worse, it does not seem to have thought up any therapy which will prevent more of the same. In one class of social ailments, the ecologists have been hammering home the point that our makers of affluence have not been paying their way, that they have been creating enormous social costs which they fob off on the public. If these costs are subtracted from the Gross National Product, we are not as affluent as we thought. We may actually be in the red.

Strikes are also a social cost. Those we have endured in New York and, more recently, in San Francisco—transit, sanitation, teachers, etc.—make one fear for the welfare of the country, particularly as they were followed by the precedent-shattering strike of the postal workers and, on the day they returned, the epidemic "sickness" of the air controllers.

In a post-industrial society (one name for what we are in) the service unions or associations have more muscle than the old-fashioned industrial unions. The automobile and steelworkers can injure the economy, no doubt, but we have more cars than can be accommodated on the roads and in the towns. On the other hand, this interrelated, interconnected, interdependent technological society cannot stand up under a prolonged cessation of vital services. Suppose there were another postal strike, this one of national amplitude, and the telephone workers went out simultaneously? The thought is terrifying. Communications are of the essence in our kind of society, but so too are hospitals, sanitation workers, transit workers, firemen, police, air controllers and teachers.

Experience has shown that no-strike laws do not work. Every successful mass withdrawal of services induces another. By law, the government exempts itself from bargaining, but when the men go out, bargain it must. Technology does not free us. It can create an unemployed—and largely unemployable—"underclass," but the more we automate, the more we need skilled people.

Free enterprise has spread from its traditional votaries, the capitalists and managers, to the workers who, having got a taste of middle-class luxury (even on nothing down and a lifetime to pay), want more and are perfectly willing to paralyze the country in order to get it. But many workers are by no means wallowing in affluence, and as fast as they gain, inflation takes some or all of it away.

None of this suggests a cure, much less prophylaxis, for the socio-economic epidemics that rage among us, but here and there a precious bit of sense comes to hand. Since federal employees are our latest headache, and one which promises to grow worse, we might lend an ear to the National Association of Internal Revenue Employees. It has gone to the expense and trouble of advertising its views, including this warning:

We who work for the Federal Government are deprived of the right to bargain collectively; our privacy is invaded and our outside associations are unduly moni-

tored; we are subjected to summary interrogations of questionable constitutionality by Federal agency inspectors; the "strike" is outlawed by a World War II criminal statute of doubtful constitutionality; and we can be fired for whatever cause happens to please the Civil Service Commission, an avowed arm of management.

Why, they sound like the American Civil Liberties Union! But wouldn't it be wise to listen?

Television in Court

On four consecutive evenings last month, National Educational Television broadcast over the stations in its network six hours of a trial in the Denver Court of Judge Zita Weinshienk. This was substantially the entire trial, some cuts of repetitious material having been made to keep the proceedings within the four ninety-minute segments. It is the first time that a trial has been thus broadcast in America, and NET is to be congratulated.

It was not a major case—the police alleged that the defendant, Lauren R. Watson, had resisted arrest—but Mr. Watson is a Black Panther, who charged harassment when he testified, and the proceedings had an importance beyond the issues immediately at stake. The real importance of the occasion, however, is that it has broken the taboo against TV cameras in the courtroom.

Canon 35 of the American Bar Association's code of ethics bars the filming of court proceedings, and in only two states, Colorado and Texas, have supreme courts overridden the prohibition. The association, understandably, fears that the paraphernalia of television would at best be a distraction and at worst encourage a circus atmosphere and the "trying" of a case before the watching public. But improved technology has largely removed the first objection: the Watson trial was photographed in available light with two small and unobtrusive cameras (which however covered the proceedings alertly and with remarkable flexibility). As to the danger of grandstanding, it is always possible, since trials are by their nature dramatic and lawyers by their training histrionic. However, it did not happen in the Watson case. The atmosphere was dignified, the exchanges sharp, sometimes even bitter, but well within the bounds of decorum; the jury appeared absorbed in the proceedings (it exonerated the defendant) and seemed oblivious of the filming. The broadcast was not "live," the case having been heard several months ago, so the temptation to appeal to the public, over the heads of judge and jury, was minimal.

As for the public, it was well served. The law in action proves to be incalculably more exciting than any of the fictional court programs on the air, and the demonstration of how justice is sought in this country was educational at the highest level of the medium.

The Watson case raised more questions than it answered: does a man receive justice simply by

a finding of not guilty; are contradictory testimonies evidence of perjury; can a policeman be a disinterested witness; what constitutes a jury of one's peers? No one case could be expected to answer such questions, but if court proceedings were brought systematically to the attention of the public in this way, the layman would develop in time a much more sophisticated appreciation than he now has of the theory and practice of his judicial system. Judge Weinshienk, who courageously allowed NET to film in her court, has not been long on the bench, but *The City and County of Denver v. Lauren R. Watson* may become her most famous case.

Out of Work

Portland, Ore.

"These are the hardest times I've seen since the depression," said the woman waiting in line for her unemployment compensation check. "It is a depression," the man in front of her insisted. "It's crowded every day," said the clerk at the window. "Anybody who thinks things are rosy ought to come down for a look."

The unemployment rate in Oregon is about 6 per cent, but that hardly tells the story. Inflation has cut so deeply into take-home pay that many wives of blue- and white-collar workers have sought jobs. They aren't counted among the unemployed because they haven't been working; some of them have never worked. College placements are down 14 to 20 per cent, depending upon category, from a year ago. Teachers, eagerly sought two years ago, are now, in the words of a school official, "a drug on the market." And the outlook for high school graduates entering the labor field is bleak—"the worst I've seen it," said a man who has been with the Oregon Department of Labor for fifteen years. In some areas unemployment is as high as 15 per cent. This is particularly true in the lumber regions, and lumber is critical to the economy of Oregon.

Finding itself with a \$19 million deficit in the public welfare budget, Oregon took drastic measures: all state building programs were brought to a halt (creating further unemployment), all state agencies were ordered not to hire new employees, and Gov. Tom McCall cut welfare grants to recipients, except the aged, blind and disabled, by 2.5 per cent. They were already at only 80 per cent of cost-of-living standards. (A three-judge panel of the federal court issued a temporary injunction against the cut; with the state appealing, the case will go to the U.S. Supreme Court.)

In the state of Washington, the situation is even worse. There, more than 8 per cent of the labor force is unemployed. In some sections, especially in the Puget Sound area, unemployment is as high as 16 per cent. Automobile, mobile home and trailer dealers around Seattle and Everett report business down as much as 50 per cent from a year ago.

Wherever one turns in the Pacific Northwest, the scene is discouraging. Log exports are down 25 per

cent. Farmers complain of low prices and high costs, and potato growers in Idaho have burned millions (perhaps upward of 10 million) pounds of spuds. Only through the direct plea of Portland Mayor Terry Schrunk were potatoes scheduled for the bonfire brought into the city for distribution to the poor. Philanthropic organizations are finding it more difficult to raise money, and taxpayers are voting down bond issue after bond issue, with schools taking heavy casualties.

Sen. Henry Jackson, not infrequently referred to by his Washington constituents as "the Senator from Boeing," complained that "What we have in Washington is a depression." He ought to know: in the past six months Boeing has laid off enough person-

nel to populate a good-size Washington community.

If the Democratic Party were viable, intelligent and sincere, it could score striking gains in the Pacific Northwest—and elsewhere across the country in this year's election. For millions of people, the issue is not Vietnam but hard times. (If the anti-war movement had been able to tie the war to "pork chop politics," the political situation in the United States might be different.)

When the woman stepped up to the window, the clerk asked: "Can you tell me in one word why you're unemployed?"

"Nixon," she replied tersely. "You know," said the clerk, "you're the fifth person in the last hour to say that."

Ralph Friedman

AFTER THE HOLY WAR

HARD TIMES IN ULSTER

ANDREW BOYD

Mr. Boyd writes on politics and economics for the New Statesman, Tribune, The Economist, Spectator, and widely in the Irish press on both sides of the border. His Holy War in Belfast, published in Ireland last September, has become a best-seller.

Belfast

The economic aftermath of the North's sectarian violence is unemployment, rising now to disastrous levels. Even Chichester-Clark, Stormont's Premier, admits this, though at the meeting he had with trade union officials on January 15 he tried to blame the Labour government and the credit restrictions imposed by the British Chancellor, Roy Jenkins.

The union leaders, representing more than 200,000 members of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions in the North, would not accept Chichester-Clark's excuses. They laid the blame, first, on the riots which have destroyed property worth £50 million and undermined any confidence that industrialists might have had in the Six Counties. Second, they said that Chichester-Clark and his Cabinet seemed totally incapable of dealing with the growing problem of unemployment. At least 1,500 people have been made redundant in the past few weeks.

Seven firms, scattered throughout the Six Counties, have announced drastic reductions in staff. Some of these have closed completely; others have cut their labor force by as much as half, and look as if they too will soon close. Among the worst affected places will be Omagh, where 300 workers in the Nestle's factory are to lose their jobs. In Belfast 230 workers will be out at Rolls-Royce, 300 at Lines Bros., the toys manufacturer, and 400 at Short Bros and Harland, the aircraft firm. Reductions not yet announced but inevitable will hit workers in the Sirocco Engineering Works in Belfast, the United

Kingdom Optical Company at Lurgan, and Greeves Engineering plant at Coleraine. Hundreds of workers in the North's boot and shoe industry are also threatened. The cutback has started in Banbridge and will, it is feared, spread to Coleraine, Ballymena and other centers of the footwear industry.

The economy of the Six Counties, unstable at all times, has been ruined. The total number of people who lost their jobs in March could be well over 2,000, and it will not stop there. More than 1,000 men in the Royal Naval Aircraft yard at Sydenham, also in Belfast, fear they will have no work within the next eighteen months or two years. The naval repair base at Derry and the RAF station at Ballykelly will be abandoned by the British Government between now and mid-1971.

The union deputation which met with Chichester-Clark argued that, apart altogether from the disturbances, Stormont's efforts to reduce unemployment have failed. Someone pointed out that since the end of World War II, two generations of Unionist Cabinet Ministers and two generations of trade union leaders had discussed the problem—without getting anywhere.

In December 1959, said the union leaders, unemployment in the Six Counties was 7.1 per cent; in December 1969 it was still 7.1 per cent. Yet all through that decade Stormont had spent about £30 million a year to promote new industry, and had managed to increase the total number of people in assured employment from 470,000 to 520,000. So, for an expenditure of £300 million—mostly British taxpayers' money—Stormont has found 50,000 jobs, but has not made any change in the number of people permanently out of work.

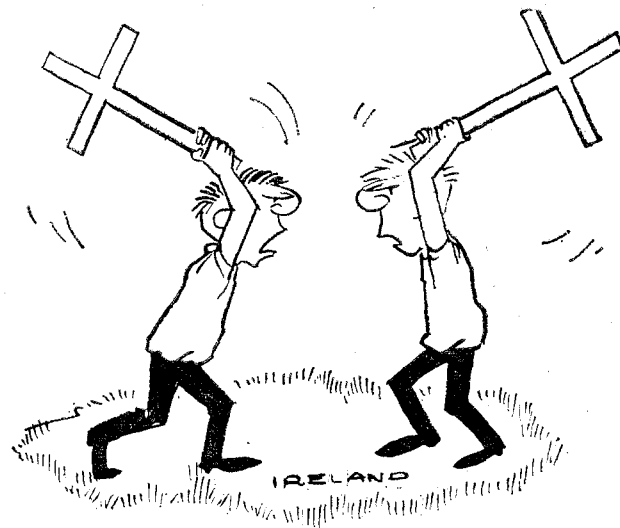
The places that suffer most from unemployment are well known. They are mainly towns with high

Catholic populations—Cookstown, Dungannon, Enniskillen, Omagh, Strabane, Derry. The most recent returns from the local employment exchanges (December 1969) show that Derry has three times as many unemployed as Belfast. Unemployment in Strabane is more than five times what it is in Unionist Portadown. But now the layoffs have also hit the Protestant towns. They could, therefore, cause more sectarian violence, because many of the people thrown out will be Unionist supporters who have been depending on Stormont for jobs.

It may be true that the riots of 1969 are not the only cause of the present unemployment. The reduction of personnel in the Belfast aircraft industry could be the result of changes in the international aircraft market. The Rolls-Royce Company is reorganizing all its factories. But many other firms are getting out because of the political situation. Lines Bros., for instance, is transferring orders from Belfast to South Wales and to a subsidiary in Dublin.

New firms have no intention of investing their money in the Six Counties, even though Stormont still offers generous capital grants. What industrialist would want to risk having his factory burned? What employer would put up with the Ulster Volunteer Force men and Paisleyite fanatics on his staff?

Chichester-Clark and his colleagues know that this is the problem. They admit it. Chichester-Clark told the Chamber of Commerce in Magherafelt recently that many firms which they had hoped to attract were now waiting to see if the Six Counties would settle down or go up in flames. He said there had been a drop in the number of firms seeking in-



Padry, Le Herisson (Paris)
In Nomine Patris et Filii—et Spiritus Sancti

formation about Stormont's grants. Stanley McMaster, Unionist MP for East Belfast, told the Windsor Unionist Association that rising unemployment was "the price Ulster is having to pay for the riots and the damaging publicity of the last year."

Chichester-Clark is appealing to the British Home Secretary for money to help overcome the unemployment problem. He will get little sympathy because Mr. Callaghan, like all sensible people, is convinced that as long as the Unionists are in power, the Six Counties can be nothing but an economic wilderness and a dangerous place for anyone who wants to live in peace. □

Ted Gold: Education for Violence

J. KIRK SALE

Mr. Sale is an editor at The New York Times Magazine. He is the author of The Land and People of Ghana (Lippincott).

A sign in a store on 8th Street in Greenwich Village says: "Ted Gold died for our sins." On the wall of a building near Columbia University someone has scrawled: "Ted Gold Lives." And at the base of a flagpole on the Columbia campus, students who tried to lower the flag to half-staff wrote, in crayon: "In Memory of Ted Gold. Fight Like Him."

Ted Gold's death, in a Greenwich Village town house explosion on March 6, was heavy with symbolism. He was suffocated in the fancy paneled walls of an incredibly luxurious building worth, in these inflated times, some \$250,000. Its owner was a man who made much of his fortune as an advertising executive for Young & Rubicam, who was a frequent defender of the role of advertising in the American system, and who put his money into commercial radio systems in the American heartland.

The explosion was probably caused by dynamite, that romantic 19th-century revolutionary weapon. And at the time of his death Ted Gold may have been seated at a desk, working on a history of Students for a Democratic Society that he was reputed to have been researching, probing the roots of the New Left, and determining how it had come so far in such a few years.

The details of what happened in this tragic explosion are still murky. But it does seem clear that those in the house were Weathermen, a splinter group so far down the road of violence from the rest of the old SDS that it no longer even thinks of itself by those initials, and is indeed composed mostly of people who are not students and scorn the notion of a "democratic" society. They had a sizable stockpile of explosives in the house—probably 100 sticks of dynamite, some packed into 12-inch lead-pipe bombs, and others into tape-wrapped packages; plus detonating caps, wires and cheap alarm clocks for timers—and were probably planning their imminent

use. At least three people died: Gold; a Weatherwoman, Diana Oughton, and a second man as yet unidentified.

The explosion brought home to the public a dramatic and, for some, frightening turn by a part of the young Left in this country. It showed—what should have been obvious by now—that many people, not by any means the Weathermen alone, are so angry at the ills of this society, so frustrated by their inability to eradicate them, so embittered by the failure of earlier peaceful efforts and the repression those have called forth, that they feel the only hope is “to bring the mother down.” Revolution is a word much flaunted these days—“the revolutionary new car from Germany,” “the revolution in men’s fashions,” “the appliance that will revolutionize your kitchen”—but for these people “revolution” is a serious, literally a deadly serious, word. It means fighting, bombing, even dying to change totally the American system.

To understand this rage-turned-to-revolution it may help to focus on Ted Gold, who believed in it. There are hazards, of course. Gold was only one man, and such concentration can make more of him than we should. He was not, by the usual yardsticks, a major leader of the Weathermen, nor in any sense a “typical” member. There is no special pattern to his life that sets him apart from his comrades, and even his death was an accident of the sort that can exaggerate a humble man into a hero. The lens too narrowly focused on Ted Gold causes the edges to blur, making unclear the larger issues.

Moreover, the subject is now beyond our reach, and one must attempt his portrait through family, friends, acquaintances and teachers. Ted Gold’s parents, stunned with a sorrow mixed with anger and bewilderment, do not want to talk about him; his friends, for whom the overwhelming reaction seems to be simple shock, are similarly saddened and puzzled, and for the most part choose to keep their thoughts private. Those most closely allied with Gold in the Weathermen have chosen to go underground, fearing police harassment. In any case, as revolutionaries, they are not about to blurt forth the workings of their revolution.

Finally, many of those in the movement generally—from those who deplore the use of violence, through those for whom it is only too early, to those who are even now preparing more of it—feel that one should be writing not about Ted Gold but about the rapacious, unrepentant society that made him what he was. They believe that to concentrate on the minimal violence of a single town house and three young bodies is to ignore the overarching violence of a society which for the past ten years has been blowing up entire cities and killing upward of half a million people in Vietnam; which has systematically wrought violence upon its black, brown, red and poor white peoples throughout its existence. They believe that the ultimate effect of concentrating on Gold will be to justify the powers that be in their already escalating attack upon the Left, and

they point out that there was no parallel attack on the Right when, for example, during the 1960s at least 213 acts of white violence were committed against those in the civil rights movement. Holding these beliefs, many of those who knew Gold best refuse to talk.

I find these arguments important but not persuasive. That violence is a part of the system, that repression is afoot, that the media are biased—those seem to be facts, but not therefore sufficient reasons to turn away, or turn inward. The impulse to revolution needs examination if it is to be comprehended by any of us, from Left to Right. The 11th Street blast, though only one of many in the escalating wave of violent rebellion, was an explosion heard across the country. By the vagaries of history, even instant history, Ted Gold has become a signal figure.

Theodore Gold was born in New York City on December 13, 1947, into a milieu that is by now almost predictable for contemporary activists. He was an only child. His parents were liberals of the upper West Side Jewish variety, living in a pleasant apartment on tree-lined 93rd Street, comfortably well-off if not exactly rich. His father, Dr. Hyman Gold, an internist in a Health Insurance Plan clinic and a volunteer emergency doctor for an East Side day-care center, is regarded as having an evident concern for bringing medicine to the poor. His mother, Dr. Ruth Gold, is an associate professor of education at Columbia University’s Teachers College. Most sociological studies suggest that activist youth come from just this kind of background, where both parents work and the dinner table ideas are likely to be at least liberal. What they don’t go on to say is that when both parents are away all day and the child is raised by a black maid, as in Ted Gold’s case, the resulting psychological dislocations may be as great an impetus to radicalism. In fact one might even imagine that part of the attraction of a close-knit, intimate group—as were those formed during the Columbia confrontation of 1968 and as are the Weathermen collectives and “affinity groups”—stems from family deprivation in early life.

At high school, Gold was so ordinary as to make him almost invisible. He was very bright and very normal. His teachers, if they remember anything, recall a “bright-eyed” or “attentive” or “very smart” boy, but for the most part they agree with his high school biology teacher, Mrs. Elektra Demas, that “there was nothing really to distinguish him from the other boys.” At Manhattan’s top-level Stuyvesant High, he did well in all his courses (graduating 212th in a class of 699, with an 89 average), was a member of the Stamp Club and the History and Folklore Society, and ran on the track and cross-country teams. “All in all,” says Stuyvesant Principal Leonard Fliedner, “he was the kind of boy you like to have around a school, the kind you’d want your own son to be like.”



Peterson, Vancouver Sun (Canada)
Vice President Agnew

There are some suggestions of a burgeoning political sense even in these days. He was involved in civil rights work, largely through the Friends of SNCC, a Northern group composed mostly of students, which raised money and food for civil rights workers in the South, and whose Stuyvesant chapter Gold helped organize. And he went, for a couple of years at least, to Camp Webatuck, in Wingdale, N.Y., one of those "leftist" camps that serve Left-liberal New York: labor songs, unstructured hours, muted Marxist rhetoric, involved kids. During the summer of 1963, one old friend remembers, Gold was "already very pro-Cuba—and therefore somewhat, you know, bitter about Kennedy—and already upset about American involvement in Vietnam"—plus being "an outasight third baseman."

Still all this was within what another friend calls "acceptable student activism." In his first two years at Columbia, Gold was quiet, intellectual and unobtrusive; his concern took the form of work with

CORE and a summertime slum-tutorial group. He spoke vaguely about going to law school to become a poor people's lawyer, or about concentrating in urban studies. One of his freshman teachers noted at the time that he was "quiet but had convictions."

Gradually Gold gravitated to a few like-minded students who in the spring of 1966 were restarting an intermittent SDS chapter, and early in 1967, his junior year, he became vice-chairman of the chapter. That fall he had his first taste of activism when New York SDS demonstrated in the streets against Dean Rusk—the first time, on the East Coast at least, that students had initiated violence rather than waiting to be clubbed. Gold was arrested and charged with rioting, a misdemeanor for which he was not even fingerprinted—so that, when his body was found in the town house, New York police were unable to make an identification and had to send to the FBI in Washington for his prints. (The FBI had a set, taken when Gold was arrested along with seven other Weathermen, for vandalizing a Philadelphia television station last January 10, after it broadcast what they called a "slandorous" TV documentary on the Black Panthers.)

Gold's politics began the turn toward revolution during the Columbia uprising in the spring of 1968, an affair that, in retrospect, illuminates some of his major characteristics.

First, he was a bright, intellectual, behind-the-scenes man ("quiet and reserved," says a friend) who, when possible, left the stage to more excitable grandstanders like Mark Rudd. He was, according to a student at the time, "one of the few people who really had read all that Marx and Lenin that they all quoted," and was one of a small group whose researches in 1967 had originally exposed Columbia's ties to the Institute for Defense Analysis. He was also a member of a moderate wing of Columbia SDS called the "praxis axis," which emphasized research and winning adherents by education and persuasion, as opposed to the "action faction," which emphasized confrontation and overt demonstrations as the best way to win followers. This latter wing, led by Rudd, Nick Freudenberg and John Jacobs, won out in the March 1968 chapter elections and dominated much of the subsequent action.

Gold, however, never tried to bolt the organization or work outside it. For a second characteristic was that, though scholarly, he never felt wholly comfortable with that role alone. He was one of the first on campus to affect proletarian blue shirts, and was obviously attracted to action-minded types. At times he tried to join them on the platform, and on several occasions during the uprising gave speeches to hold crowds together or encourage bystanders to join, though without noticeable success. (Once, before addressing a crowd, he turned to a friend and confessed, "I don't know what's happening," not realizing his bull horn amplifier was turned on.)

Originally in separate wings, Gold and Rudd nonetheless worked together throughout the Colum-

bia battle, spent the next year in fairly close association around the New York SDS office, and finally went together into the Weathermen. But Gold never really liked Rudd, it would seem, or at least resented his style. Dotson Rader, one of the Columbia strikers and author of a very revealing account of New Left activism, *I Ain't Marchin' Anymore*, remembers that during the take-overs Gold "felt that Rudd was trying to establish a personality cult. He said one night he thought Rudd was grandstanding too much and wasn't directly involved with the building communes and what people were thinking." Still, Gold—short, bespectacled, quiet, intellectual, controlled—must have found something enormously appealing in Rudd—tall, loose, attractive, outgoing, reckless. It is easy to imagine that Rudd and the other actionists were very important to Gold. At Columbia (and after) they were continually talking about the need for courage, for "putting your body on the line," for shaking off "bourgeois hangups" about violence and death, for ceasing to be "wimps." During the confrontations (and after) Gold, the quiet intellectual, moved steadily toward their camp.

Gold made what may have been a last break with standard liberalism during the Columbia fracas. He was apparently terribly embittered by what he regarded as a liberal sellout by the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee, with whom he was one of the chief student negotiators. As he later put it to the authors of *Up Against the Ivy Wall*, a history of the Columbia crisis:

They were demanding complete abdication of our position, and we were talking in terms of their joining us. We were miles apart. But we didn't want to break off discussion. We were told that they were a more "liberal" group. We said, "All right, if you're on our side, then take a position in favor of amnesty and the other six demands." Those s.o.b.'s said that we should be more reasonable.

It is characteristic of student radicals that they feel betrayed and angered when they are confronted at first hand with the shoddiness and failure of those liberal institutions which they had once regarded as sacrosanct. Hence their particular dislike of Kennedy, Stevenson, Goldberg, Humphrey and the like.

Finally, the Columbia affair showed that Ted Gold had come to some understanding of the place of violence in society and its use as a political weapon. As early as April, in a letter to President Grayson Kirk that Gold helped draft, the SDS leaders said: "Until Columbia ends all affiliation with the IDA, we must disrupt the functioning of all those involved in the daily disruption of people's lives around the world." (Or, as the Weathermen were to put it eighteen months later in their Chicago action: "Bring the War Home.") Later, Gold recalled, "We didn't want a police bust, but we would rather have had that than give in to the administration." And the feeling of the eleven-man strike committee,

of which Gold was a member, seemed to be that a bust, if it came, would be advantageous to the striking students, would lead to the kind of radicalization it indeed produced. In the heat of battle, in short, Gold accepted the need for violence.

The entire Columbia experience, in fact, was a test of personal courage in the face of violence, or threatened violence, and that must have left a mark. Perhaps even without so planning, the SDS students put themselves into situation after situation in which their courage would be on the line—taking buildings, refusing to leave after warnings, locking arms in the face of moving policemen. At first so unaccustomed to all this as to be terrified of the guns that the blacks were reported to have brought with them into a seized building, the SDSers by the end were steelled to it.

Ted Gold was suspended for a year by Columbia for his role in the occupations, though he had completed all his course work, and with a solid B average. That summer he began to organize a Teachers for a Democratic Society, part of a loose Movement for a Democratic Society that was forming in New York of SDSers who had graduated from college and wanted to continue their activism. That fall he began to teach at the Adams School, a private Manhattan school for brain-damaged and emotionally disturbed children.

TDS was Gold's last organized attempt to work through education and (however militant) persuasion. He was "an incredibly hard worker" and ran "the neatest office I've ever seen in the movement," says one who worked with him for a while that year. Not surprisingly he was one of the half dozen leaders of the organization. The thrust was toward organizing high school youth, an effort that seemed to have some success, especially in an atmosphere made electric by the teachers' strike that fall. With Adrienne Yurick, wife of novelist Sol Yurick, and Shin'ya Ono, later a Weatherman, Gold shaped the editorial views of a sporadic 4-page newspaper, *Hey Teach*, which the TDS put out that year. In one issue the featured article, headed "Jailbreak! Join US!" said:

Schools are basically jails and the kids know that. People in jail want to get out. . . . Black and brown students understand not only that schools are oppressive every day, but they also know that there is nothing waiting for them when they get out—only jails of a different kind—menial jobs or unemployment, rotten housing, rats, disease, police, or the Army, Vietnam and death.

Today, when the Weathermen begin actions at high schools in cities around the country, the slogan they use is "Jailbreak!"

But ultimately the TDS effort failed. The high school kids in effect resented the attempt by "outside agitators" to radicalize them, and once the strike was settled the air began to cool. Gold, according to some who were around him then, became more and more rigid, less and less inclined to try-

ing to "change heads." "He had no patience for anyone not at the same level of consciousness," says one young man. "If you said something he didn't agree with, he'd say 'Bullshit' and walk away. He became terribly autocratic—he was *hell* to deal with." Rudd, who was also in New York directing the SDS regional office, took an I-told-you-so line—he had never been convinced that there was any way to radicalize students other than direct action—and for a while the two were somewhat estranged. Gradually, however, Gold seems to have been won around to the actionists' conviction that winning hearts and minds is perhaps best done by twisting arms.

By the end of the school year Gold had apparently made the break. He was not rehired by the Adams School—"he gave no indication that he had a continuing interest in special education," principal Moses Lorentz says—and though Columbia allowed him to get his degree after wresting from him a promise to behave, he apparently went through with it largely to please his mother. The stage was set for the SDS June convention.

At that convention, everyone knew that SDS was going to split. The Progressive Labor Party, an outgrowth of the left wing of the Communist Party, had successfully infiltrated SDS ranks and now planned to take over its national office. The national office people, with whom the ex-Columbia radicals were aligned, hoped to beat them down or force them out. When the test came, the PLers were in the majority, the national office followers split off into their own convention, and there the action wing, the Weathermen, was born.

The Weatherman line is complicated and has shifted over this past year to take account of different actions—and reactions. But basically the group is made up of those who feel that the only way to change this country is through violent confrontation: "The primary purpose, and the stance, of our organizing," writes Shin'ya Ono, "could not possibly be to 'turn people on,' or to have them like us, or to make them think that we are nice, but to compel them to confront the antagonistic aspects of their own life experience and consciousness by bringing the war home, and to help them make the right choice over a period of time, after initially shaking up and breaking through the thick layers of chauvinism-racism-defeatism." In other words, if you put people up against the wall, force them to choose, sooner or later they'll have to be either for the revolution or for the system.

Gold was a Weatherman from the start, though, characteristically, on its more moderate flank. ("If Gold was a member of some nihilist group, the farthest Left thing you could be," comments Dotson Rader, "he'd find some way of being on the moderate side of it: that was his nature.") And, as at Columbia, he seems to have been continually pressed—as indeed the whole group was, and deliberately—to prove himself. One young observer re-

calls: "Rudd continually accused people of cowardice, that was his big word then, and said how you had to get a gun, and stop being afraid, and be a man, and all that."

There is in all of this what seems to be an abiding sense of guilt, and it was probably as true for Gold as for other Weathermen and those like them. To oversimplify, they tend to feel guilty about the comfortable, privileged, often very rich homes from which they come, especially when they try to take their message into the mangled, oppressed and very desperate homes of the poor. They feel guilty about what they regard as their own inescapable middle-class racism and that of the society that has showered its benefits on their parents. They feel guilty that they are, at least at the start, frightened of violence, and envy those, like the blacks and the working-class youths, who have confronted violence from infancy. They feel guilty that their brains, money or pull has kept them safe on university campuses while others are sent to Vietnam. And they feel guilty that the society which has given them and their families so much, and which they



Peterson, Vancouver Sun (Canada)
Mayor Daley

have spent the better part of their adolescence trying to change, is obdurate in its basic inequities.

Out of all this, not surprisingly, grows an immense rage. Each day that rage is fed—with a My Lai or neighborhood police brutality, with a Moynihan memo or a black friend forced onto welfare, with a Chicago conspiracy trial or a local pot bust, with an ABM system, a Hampton murder, an illegal Laos bombing. The rage solidifies into something that contains all the elements of a religion: asceticism (no drugs, liquor or pets were allowed in the Weather collectives), intolerance, a conviction of one's own rightness, and the abiding need to demonstrate that rightness. And thus the last weapon of a religious minority, martyrdom. "So now also the revolution shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death. For me to live is revolution, to die is gain."

After the formation of the Weathermen at the SDS convention, a trip to Cuba in late summer began for Gold the solidification of his ideas. The Cuba trip provided not only an attractive, energetic, functioning Communist society that he could, for a time at least, identify with, but also a meeting with the Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government and some of its shrewdest cadre. The message of the PRG people seems to have been that they needed allies within the United States to bring an end to the war, and Gold returned with the conviction, as he wrote it for Liberation News Service, that:

As people who are located inside the monster, revolutionary Americans are in a position to do decisive damage to the U.S. ruling class's plans to continue and expand its world rule. The upcoming U.S. defeat in Vietnam will be a vital blow to those plans; we must aim to do everything we can to speed up that defeat.

Next came October 8-11 in Chicago, what the Weathermen called, appropriately enough, the "Days of Rage," when they went up against the cops and found their courage not wanting. But not sufficient, either—the action was too weak, too many people were arrested, too much money (\$1 million) was required for bail. The Weathermen retired to their collectives, to rethink their strategy, and for the next three months went through serious soul-searching. Gold apparently stayed at the Chicago collective, where most of the national leaders—Rudd, Jacobs, Bernardine Dohrn—also spent most of their time, and was an intimate part of those who planned the next strategic steps.

Those steps were more or less danced out at the Weathermen "war council" in Flint, Mich., December 27-30. The council's temper was suggested, though not wholly seriously, by its gimmicks: the slogans were such as "Piece Now," "Sirhan Sirhan Power" and "Red Army Power"; the greetings were four fingers slightly spread (symbolizing the fork which Charlie Manson's gang plunged into one of its victims), and forefinger pointed out with thumb cocked.

Violence, in short—though paid homage to in rhetoric rather than in fact—was the abiding theme. Gold made a speech in which he tried to show its immediacy. The American revolution, he said, would come about as part of a large worldwide revolution and as part of a revolt by the black colony within the nation. Once the country is brought to its knees, "an agency of the people of the world" would be established to run things here.

A critic in the audience objected: "In short, if the people of the world succeed in liberating themselves before American radicals have made the American revolution, then the Vietnamese and Africans and the Chinese are gonna move in and run things for white America. It sounds like a John Birchler's worst dream. There will have to be more repression than ever against white people."

"Well," replied Gold, "if it will take fascism, we'll have to have fascism."

Sometime after the Flint war council, the Weathermen decided to break up their collectives—the largest of which were in Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia—into smaller four- and five-person affinity groups. They hoped in this way to ferret out the FBI informers who they were certain had infiltrated their ranks, and to plan guerrilla actions that could be carried out better by smaller bands. Some time early in the year Gold met Dotson Rader in the West End Bar, Columbia's watering hole, where he vigorously defended the Days of Rage and the actions of Weathermen at Harvard who broke into the Kennedy International Affairs Center and roughed up workers and professors. "He told me," Rader recalls, and with sympathy, "that we have to teach people that violence is not an abstraction. We have to confront them with it so that they can see what they're doing. You see, Gold was always an existentialist, not really a Marxist for all his talk. He really felt that man has got to be responsible for his actions, that the people who deal in abstract violence like the Harvard teachers or Herman Kahn, say, have to be *shown* what they're doing, what real bodies are like, what violence really is. You see, our lives aren't really threatened by the Vietnam war now, and the liberals can continue along their comfortable ways. I still remember Ted saying, 'We've got to turn New York into Saigon.'"

Perhaps that is what the 11th Street town house was to be used for; or perhaps the ultimate idea was simply to create the terror that would bring fascism.

How must it have felt to be living in a house full of explosives and to be preparing for actions which were certain to be dangerous? "I think the Weathermen were all prepared to die," one former Columbia student says. "They were in a way like disobedient children who wanted to be punished, and on a larger scale that's a death wish." A friend who saw Gold two weeks before the explosion reports his having said, "I've been doing a lot of exciting

underground things, and I know I'm not afraid to die."

Another who knew Gold thinks it was more than just the absence of fear. "I think a desire for recognition was motivating him, I really do. He wanted to be in history—he wanted to be like Che, a tragic figure. And for tragedy you need a stage, like this historical point in time, and you need violence." And an adult around Columbia who knew Gold less well speculates: "I always felt that Ted, perhaps because of his size, or maybe his bookishness, had a kind of drive to get people to know who he was. I don't mean he wanted the limelight, not like that. But he wanted everyone to know who he was, what he was doing."

Inadvertently, he did. And at the same time made people aware not only of the Weathermen but the others like them for whom the answer to American violence is . . . American violence. *Time* pontificates that this is no way to change the country: "Many effective resources for reform are available—the courts, public opinion, peaceful demonstra-

tion, the ballot." To revolutionaries, that is a joke.

And what if the answer to the Left's new violence is the Right's new repression, a repression that could even lead to a kind of fascism? The Weathermen, as Gold said, would welcome that: "If it means that it'll make white slaves," one Weatherman is reported to have said, "we want fascism." Making the country's latent fascism overt, the Weather line goes, will force everyone in the land to take his stand: as part of the (Fascist) problem, or as part of the (revolutionary) solution. There will be no middle ground, the revolutionary ranks will have to swell, and America will turn into Vichy France, complete with underground.

That is why the prospect of future violence, even of assassination, is not remote. America has made revolutionaries out of some, at least, of its young, and that is frightening; America has also shown no sign that it will not continue to do so, and that is even more frightening. In that sense the life, and death, of Ted Gold should suggest self-examination for all of us. □

GOVERNMENT BY PUBLICITY

THE DECLINE OF OHIO

DAVID HESS

Mr. Hess is a reporter for the Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal.

The Governor arrived with his sycophants in train. Some local politicians, elbowing one another to stay close to the Governor as the TV cameras whirled, milled about with the newspaper men, who softly cursed the pushy, gadget-laden radio and television reporters. It was marvelous theatre.

Out in the shallows of the upper Chagrin River a school of salmon, planted by the Governor's gamekeepers, huddled uneasily in the strange opaque water. The Governor plunked a line into the water and watched it waft downstream to the salmon. The fish stared rigidly as the bait floated by. Only the flutter of their fins distinguished them from the round glistening rocks studding the stream bed.

The Governor reeled in his line and tried again. No luck. He invited the spectators to join the fun. The fish ignored them all. After three hours, a red-faced gamekeeper mumbled, "Governor, they ain't bitin'." After a few more luckless casts, the Governor issued a silent signal to his fish and game protectors, who sent an electric charge from the boat through the water, jarring the salmon into a stupor. One by one the fish flopped over and floated to the surface. A few wan cheers went up as the Governor and his men hauled in their catch.

"You see," the Governor yelled, "this river will support the salmon, just like it did years ago."

Having made his point, the Governor dealt out fish to several onlookers. Next year, he promised, a legion of salmon will run the Chagrin. No one asked what would happen to the fish if they errantly migrated to the mouth of the Chagrin and out into the venomous waters of Lake Erie. With all the joking and merriment, it seemed an impudent question.

The question, however, takes its place on a long list of inquiries that await replies in Gov. James A. Rhodes's Ohio—a land where political style dominates governmental substance, and rhetoric outshines deeds. The salmon expedition, a response to mounting criticism that Rhodes is soft on ecology, is a prime example of the publicity stunts that characterize his brand of politics.

One reporter, Richard Zimmerman of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, estimated after an investigation that the Rhodes administration, whose motto is austerity, spends about \$300,000 a year to publicize its activities. Some twenty experienced publicists are scattered around the state offices in Columbus, says Zimmerman, churning out daily news releases with the standard lead: "Gov. James A. Rhodes announced today that . . ."

It amounts to an extraordinary effort to spread a specious glaze of optimism over the deficiencies in state government. While the administration briskly fiddles a happy tune, Ohio's education, mental health, welfare and corrections programs sink

steadily into indifference and neglect. One Cleveland psychiatrist, a frequent critic of the state's fumbling mental health programs, recently remarked: "Listening to this administration is like holding an audience with the Wizard of Oz."

All of this comes to mind as Rhodes prepares for a most critical political test, a race against U.S. Rep. Robert Taft, Jr., for the Republican Senatorial primaries on May 5. Prevented by the state constitution from seeking a third term as governor, Rhodes has decided to shoot for the Senate. The office is now held by Stephen M. Young, an elderly liberal Democrat who plans to retire at the end of his term in January.

Early last fall, GOP scriptwriters designed an act in which Rhodes and Taft would appear in tandem: Rhodes for the Senate and Taft for governor. But Taft's lifelong ambition to follow his father to Washington spoiled the plan. There followed a rush of candidates for the gubernatorial slot on the Republican ticket: State Auditor Roger Cloud, Attorney General Paul W. Brown and right-wing Congressman Donald E. Lukens, who had originally planned to oppose Rhodes for the Senate race, but who jumped into the race for governor when Taft abandoned that field.

The Democrats, for the first time in more than a decade, seem capable of offering a formidable ticket, consisting of former astronaut John H. Glenn, Jr., for the Senate and former Congressman John J. Gilligan for governor. Gilligan, who narrowly lost the Senate race to William B. Saxbe in 1968, must stave off former Congressman Robert Sweeney to win nomination; Glenn is pressed by Howard Metzenbaum, a wealthy Cleveland liberal and old friend and confidant of Senator Young.

Ordinarily, one would not be inclined to judge a U.S. Senate race by one candidate's performance in state government; national and world issues usually predominate in such campaigns. But Rhodes himself insists on running on his record as governor, thus making the condition of Ohio perhaps the most important issue in the May election.

There is, moreover, a tendency in Ohio Republican circles to avoid raising current issues in primary elections. Such tactics, party leaders feel, narrow the winner's options in the general election by forcing him to adopt positions that might later prove awkward. Also, the exposition of a candidate's views could give the opposite party a chance to

develop countermeasures. So the practice is to ignore the topical and settle instead for a gentle rehash of dead issues.

This spring, however, the old rules may not hold. Ohio's public services are so dilapidated that even some Republicans are beginning to blench. The administration's slickest rhetoric and gaudiest window dressing are failing to conceal the neglect.

Perhaps the most glaring example of the state's niggardly policies is the plight of its public schools. Though Ohio is one of the nation's wealthiest states, fifth richest in some rankings, it falls below the national average in its contributions to local schools: state government finances about 28 per cent of the operating costs of elementary and secondary schools; the national average, according to the National Education Association, is almost 40 per cent. So the bulk of the school budget falls on local school districts, which find it increasingly difficult to wring operating funds from property taxes.

Last fall, ten Ohio school districts shut down for days and weeks when they ran out of money. More than 19,000 children in forty schools were locked out of their classrooms for varying periods. This year, if the worst predictions come true, some 40,000 Ohio pupils will be thrown onto the streets by school closings. A less dramatic but chronic deprivation is the effect that bare-bones budgets have on thousands of other youngsters whose schools get by from year to year by employing untrained teachers, using outdated textbooks, and operating on curtailed schedules.

"We've been playing a catch-up game all these years," says John Hall, government relations director of the 80,000-member Ohio Education Association. "We've not run fast enough to overtake our needs."

At the university level, Ohio students in state-supported institutions now pay higher tuitions on the average than do students at public universities in other states. Since 1963, tuitions have risen 60 to 80 per cent, an increase caused not only by inflationary rises in the costs of higher education but by the state government's failure to assist the universities in meeting those costs. "It is clear," rails the Ohio AFL-CIO, "that the ideal of making higher education broadly available to the kids capable of absorbing it is being defeated."

Under the Rhodes regime, a university expansion program has converted hundreds of millions of dollars into bricks and mortar, but the administration has failed to provide adequate operating funds to match its enthusiasm for construction. Thus a growing part of the financial burden falls on the students.

In mental health, public apathy has been a leaden ally of the administration. In Ohio few votes accrue to politicians who suggest that large outlays for professional personnel are indispensable to good mental health programs. Says Dr. Victor Victoroff, past president of the Ohio Psychiatric Association

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and current chairman of the Ohio Alliance for Mental Health: "Miserly budgets and political control have nearly destroyed the state's mental hygiene programs. The department . . . cannot be expected to do more than act as a catch basin for the sickest patients and a revolving door for those with . . . symptoms requiring minimal treatment."

In the past few years, all but one of the state's five major mental hospitals have lost their accreditation as teaching institutions, and the lone survivor clings to what amounts to probationary status. Most critics charge that the hospitals are little more than warehouses for the mentally ill. Many patients go for weeks or months without psychiatric consultation; they are kept under "control" with potent tranquilizers that suspend them in a passive twilight. At Hawthornden State Hospital, near Akron, complaints of patient abuse and neglect reached such volume that the institute was the subject of a recent county grand jury investigation. There is reason to suspect that most other state hospitals would fare as badly under the scrutiny of grand juries. Acts of brutality by low-paid, ill-trained attendants are not infrequent, and death rates from disease and accidents in the hospitals are disgracefully high.

Last December, James E. Chapman, president of the National Association of Mental Health, said in Columbus that Ohio now ranks forty-sixth among the fifty states in per capita support of mental health programs. "I think in Ohio in the last eight years you have to look at the Rhodes administration, which has had some nice words to say, but which has not really fought for programs as we think it should have."

Three major riots have struck Ohio prisons in the past two years, and recidivism—one important index of the efficacy of rehabilitation efforts—exceeds 50 per cent. A reorganization of the juvenile corrections system brought some improvements in staff and programs, but the gain has been almost offset by the overcrowding that dilutes the remedial programs.

A large industrial state, Ohio suffers the same welfare agonies as do its sister states, but little if any initiative has been taken to relieve the burden of submarginal living. Ohio welfare clients receive only about 70 per cent of what the state itself defines by law as a "minimum standard of health, decency and welfare."

To encourage larger monthly grants from the counties to ADC families, the state set aside \$12 million in matching money. It was an inexpensive gesture for the administration: only two of Ohio's eighty-eight counties raised their share. The remaining money lies undisturbed in the state treasury, mocking evidence of the absurdity of perceiving state and county governments as separate entities with divergent constituencies. Wilson H. Posey, executive director of the Ohio Citizens' Council for Health and Welfare, says: "While the state and the counties play their stubborn games,

people on welfare are left hanging. It's sheer idiocy."

On the matter of ecology, Ohio boasts perhaps the only river in the nation—the Cuyahoga flowing through Cleveland—which is regarded as a constant fire hazard. City fire boats regularly patrol the river to douse the flames from oily slicks discharged by the huge mills along the river's banks. Lake Erie, into which the Cuyahoga disgorges its effluence, is considered by some biologists to be beyond redemption.

Erwin and Parker Bauer, writing in the October 1969 issue of *Fur-Fish-Game*, say: "Ohio's massive water pollution problems grow greater. Lake Erie teeters on the edge of becoming a dead lake and summer swimmers must be barred from many of Erie's best beaches. . . . The once great runs of walleyes are gone, probably forever. But still the administration takes no steps to cure the problem. In fact, legal permits for various communities to pollute tributaries of Lake Erie are extended year after year and the governor must take the blame for this."

Air pollution in the northeastern sector of the state, within the industrial triangle connecting Cleveland, Akron and Youngstown, stifles the land. It is lifted only occasionally by the favorable winds that sweep across the area between frequent inversions which turn the cities into stench holes. An air pollution control law, enacted in 1967, was stripped of its teeth in a legislative committee after the Governor privately complained that the bill contained "objectionable language." Republican legislator Ralph Cole of Findlay, chief architect of a compromise bill and a member of the Rhodes team, said at the time that "punitive laws discourage industrial growth."

He might have been parroting the Governor, who yields to few men in his zeal for "Jobs and Progress," a slogan he adopted in 1962 (and still uses) to decorate his theory that all good things flow from busy plants and offices. Unemployment and economic stagnation, Rhodes says, are the root of all evil. He has even traced mental illness to unemployment and the anxieties it produces—a psychological theory to which few, if any, Ohio psychiatrists subscribe.

Economic growth, Rhodes argues, will provide sufficient revenue to finance government, and during his first term, from 1963 to 1967, he adhered to a policy of no new taxes. "There'll be no new or additional taxes as long as I'm governor of Ohio." During those years, by the administration's own calculations, Ohio's industrial growth exceeded 9 per cent a year. Yet by early 1967 state programs had ground almost to a halt and financial crisis stalked the corridors of the Statehouse.

Pleas for money grew so strident that in the summer of 1967, and again in 1969, the administration grudgingly sponsored a series of additional sales, excise and property taxes, as well as a broad range

of fee and license increases. Thus Rhodes did exactly what his own theory of economics taught him not to do: he intervened in the economic process to achieve a very modest redistribution of the state's growing wealth.

Despite the increases, figures from the U.S. Department of Commerce show that Ohio ranks lowest in the collection of state and local taxes as a percent of personal income. Spending for public services reflects the low level of tax collections; in no category—education, welfare, public health, natural resources, mental hospitals—does the state rank higher than the national median. Ohio spends more per capita for highways than for any other state service.

These figures, deplored by those who have somberly watched the gradual deterioration of Ohio, are a source of pride to the administration. Rhodes's finance director, Howard L. Collier, recently mused: "As long as I'm here the people who want to be first in spending are not going to be pleased, and the ones who want to be fiftieth in tax rates are. If my thoughts on this subject weren't the same as the Governor's, you'd better believe I'd be fired."

How, one might ask, has this state of affairs come to prevail in Ohio? For the past seventy-five years, starting with the long reign of kingmaker Mark Hanna, the state's politics have reeked of intrigue and manipulation. Voters have come to expect a certain dissembling, sometimes even mild corruption, from their political leaders. Candor and intellectual integrity are seldom rewarded; more often than not, they are greeted with suspicion and hostility.

The state's most successful politicians—men like Hanna, John Bricker, Frank Lausche, James Rhodes—are those able to move most skillfully among the state's power blocs, wheeling and dealing for favors and concessions while deftly creating a public image of rectitude and incorruptibility. Such men are pragmatic, alert to opportunity, and only superficially committed to any ideology or grand design of government. (The late Sen. Robert A. Taft may have been an exception to the rule.) Such men accommodate themselves to the interests of big business, since great power resides in the directorates of Ohio's giant mills, banks and insurance companies.

They also know that the conservative tone of the urban establishment is endorsed in rural Ohio by the stolid and prosperous farmers, whose convictions are shaped by the stringent demands of balancing their rising expenses against the fickle vibrations of the market place and by the stern dicta of puritanism and Lutheranism. Todd Simon of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* writes: "Whiggery still dominates Ohio's political life. Still buoyant in this state is the impulse to oppose strong federal government whether it is Andy Jackson's or Lyndon Johnson's."

All of this, along with the rising conservatism of

Ohio's trade and industrial unionists, produces a milieu in which humane progressivism can hardly flourish. Materialism, social indifference, racial intolerance and economic discrimination are traits shared by both the working and the managerial classes. The political leaders who understand this, and pander to it, are most likely to succeed.

In most instances, Ohio's newspapers reinforce the myths and beliefs of the business and union establishments. In Columbus and Cincinnati, the major papers have for years operated largely as extensions of the banking-industrial elite. In Cleveland, the papers have tended to be introspective and insular, balancing off diverse community interests and willing to discuss reform, but unwilling to make commitments. Where editorial management in Columbus is paternalistic and autocratic, management in Cleveland is uncertain and effete. In Toledo, Dayton and Akron, sporadic criticism is heard of state policy (as an expression of establishment goals and values), but the papers hesitate to define social goals or to indicate how they might be achieved.

There is a tradition, too, of chummy relationships between politicians and newspaper executives. Like Frank Lausche, his predecessor, Rhodes is adept at using such friendships to escape criticism when possible or to cushion it when the editorial gavel simply must fall. In contrast to his cordial relations with news executives, Rhodes tries to avoid working reporters, particularly the canny newsmen who cover state government. During his seven years in office, he has held only half a dozen full-fledged news conferences. Inquiries directed to him by individual reporters are usually shunted to an underling or publicist, or simply turned aside with a non-committal grunt. In the present campaign for the Senate, Rhodes rejected Representative Taft's invitation to debate on television after Taft insisted that a few minutes be set aside for a panel of working reporters to question the two candidates.

There are several reasons why the Governor fights shy of reporters. He is not particularly glib, nor does he have a thorough understanding of state problems and programs. "The Governor," says R. Dean Jauchius, one of his long-time aides and speech writers, "does not fancy himself an expert on the nuts and bolts of government." Rhodes also dislikes confrontationist politics, preferring the easy amiability of empty banter and clubhouse camaraderie. After delivering his State of the State message to the legislature last year, in which he called for new programs that obviously would need funding, Rhodes left town for a "speaking engagement." Ten minutes later, one of his aides delivered to the legislature an addendum to the message: a proposal for new taxes. Again, when some militant welfare mothers picketed the Statehouse and demanded an audience with the Governor, he invited them into his cabinet room, then sat mute for forty-five minutes while his welfare director lectured the women on how well off they were.

Under the earlier tutelage of former Ohio and National Republican Chairman Ray C. Bliss, Rhodes learned that a politician's best means of overcoming his weaknesses is systematic news management: a careful, constant, methodical plan for presenting the officeholder and his programs in the best possible light. The \$300,000 annual investment in publicists is one proof of the Governor's determination to hold to that plan.

A blow to the Governor's carefully molded image was *Life's* allegation last year that he had converted political funds to his personal use, then run afoul of the Internal Revenue Service. *Life* also questioned Rhodes's action in commuting the life sentence of Mafioso Thomas Licavoli, whose release from prison was halted after *Life's* story appeared. For years, rumors had persisted around Columbus that a large sum of money awaited anyone who could manage Licavoli's parole. An investigation by

the Ohio Highway Patrol seems to have cleared the Governor of any wrongdoing in the Licavoli commutation, but the sour taste of venality lingers at the Statehouse. Rhodes has conceded that he had troubles, "an honest difference of opinion," with the IRS.

As spectacular as they are, *Life's* charges and allusions may play a secondary role in the Senatorial race. The issues that most threaten Rhodes are those that arise from the state programs that he will leave in impoverished disarray. Many Ohioans, particularly those connected in some way with the various public services, are accumulating resentment and ill will. It is not unrealistic to expect that this reservoir of hostility will spill over in the May election. Even in Ohio, where economy in government is revered equally with the Twenty-Third Psalm, there may be limits to how far a public official can willfully neglect public services. □

TV NEWS: WRONG MIX

MEL WAX

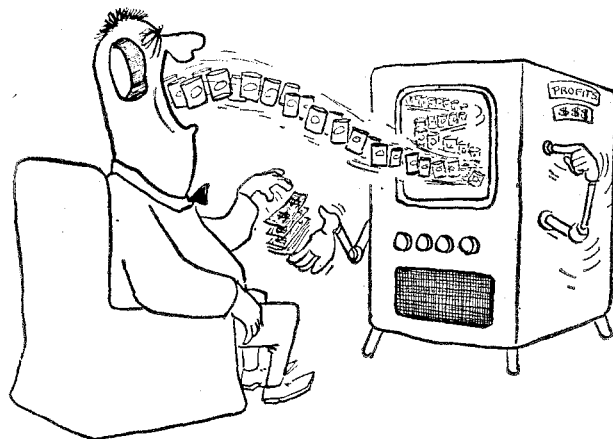
Mr. Wax, a former Nieman Fellow, is public affairs director of educational TV station KQED in San Francisco.

San Francisco

The real problems of television news are not those cited by the Vice President, by those network presidents who responded to his Des Moines TV speech with such self-righteous indignation, nor even—troublesome though they may be—censorship, monopoly control, liberal bias, conservative bias, the Eastern establishment, or the fairness doctrine. The faults are deeper than that; they are embedded in the fundamental premises of television newscasting, its roots in radio and its evolution as radio with pictures.

Neither television, nor radio, offers much incentive for good reporting. Without good reporting, a high quality news program is not possible. Observe your local telecaster with a critical eye. The chances are that that handsome talking head hasn't covered a story all day, or even written the headlines he's mouthing. He speaks distinctly, if monotonously. He probably doesn't sport a beard or long hair. Nor is he bald. He wears a necktie and a conventional suit—nothing flashy. He smiles, but he seldom laughs. He leads into deodorant commercials with the same authority he gives a battle-front report. He's plastic. And he's not a reporter; he's a performer.

Indeed, despite the complaint of Chet Huntley, among others, that it is demeaning for newsmen to be members of a union of "singers, actors, jugglers, announcers, entertainers and comedians," your local TV news anchor man probably belongs to AFTRA—the American Federation of Television and Radio



Dunnett

Artists—which also represents the jokesters and songsters.

Under most contracts, the men who write the TV news are paid according to the number of stories they can cram on the air, not the quality of their work. An energetic performer can score with three, or four, or more stories a night, at \$25 to \$100 per item aired. What's the sense of digging into a complicated story for three or four days, when it will earn the same fee as a quickie?

Robert McNeil, former NBC-TV newsmen, says:

In several ways, the money involved acts as a disincentive to reporters. Young men rising in the industry desire to be commentators in the studio, not reporters on the beat. To be taken out of reporting and given a program is considered success; if the program is taken away, that is failure. Moreover, a man cannot easily combine a daily in-studio commitment with the work of a reporter. If he tried, by being absent from the program to do some extended reporting, he loses fees.

The most successful broadcasting journalists are thus largely prevented from going out of the office to do reporting, assuming they are trained journalists and want to go out. Many, especially at the local station level, are not journalists, and do not relish reporting.

At the national level, a sprinkling of able, sensitive reporters try valiantly to overcome the built-in inhibitions of the TV news format. They rarely succeed on the nightly newscast. Good reporting sometimes appears on the air when the traditional newscast format is junked, and reporters are given the range of CBS's *60 Minutes*, or even a full-scale documentary. Some of the best television reporting was done on the now defunct Public Broadcast Laboratory. Its documentaries on the Kansas City police and on the Pentagon were outstanding.

There is great television coverage of moon shots. There is some remarkably good reporting at political conventions and some bad reporting too. Such events as a Presidential assassination, or the coronation of a queen, have enjoyed perceptive and thorough reporting. Sports reporting is of very high quality, a happy blend of the qualified specialist reporter and the new technology.

But the mix doesn't occur often on newscasts. Even the sports reporter is then generally restricted to a dreary recital of scores, with graphics, plus film of the winning touchdown. The present format—the anchor man; the bubbly weather girl or man, writing on a transparent weather map; the sports reporter—must go. It serves no useful purpose. The anchor man should be replaced by honest-to-God reporters. Television should take a lesson from newspapers, and begin training and hiring reporters for special fields of competence—in education, urban affairs, race relations, science, ecology, politics.

If television is to inform the 50 million viewers who watch the tube for news every night, it must provide much more than headline bulletins and dramatic film of fires, accidents and shootings. It must make an effort to tell not only what happened but why it happened and what it means. Most television newsmen now provide little more than a thirty-second film interview. In thirty seconds, or forty-five seconds, or even in a minute, a reporter can't do much in the way of interpretive reporting, even if he has the necessary skills.

On commercial television the goal is ratings—the size of the audience a sponsor can buy—and it applies to news as well as to *Ed Sullivan* and *Laugh-In*. For the news director, this translates into a directive to keep news brief, punchy, lively, “interesting.” A vice president for news for a major network once explained that television news will never carry a report on the national budget because it's too complicated, it isn't visual, and who cares. (The late Fred Allen said in 1952: “Television is a triumph of equipment over people, and the minds that control it are so small you could put them in the navel of a flea and still have room beside them for a network vice president's heart.”)

The national budget is important. It should be both

reported and analyzed on television newscasts, as it is in the better newspapers. The technology of the medium is not what makes news. If it's news in the printed press, it's news in the visual press. Or it should be. In most major cities where there are three or four VHF stations, you can flick the dial from one news program to another and find the same stories, often offered in the same sequence. They even present commercials in the same time breaks, and reserve the same spots for sports, weather and the daily features. On any channel you will find the same predictable press conferences, the same “visually exciting” events, the same non-news. A local television news program that regularly carries “enterprise stories”—ones that aren't offered to them on a silver platter—is as rare as snow in August.

Two years ago, in San Francisco, there was a newspaper strike. On Channel 9, the education station, we had no regular news operation—news is expensive and beyond the financial ability of most public television. But because we were concerned that commercial television would be unable to fill the news gap, KQED moved into the news business. [See “TV's First Real Paper” by Michael Harris, *The Nation*, March 18, 1968.]

We hired good reporters from the struck papers, the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. We put them “up front” where reporters belong. They covered the news and they told about it on the air. Film and still pictures were used, but sparingly. We had a tiny budget, and print reporters are nervous about visuals. For the ten weeks the strike lasted, we were on the air every night for an hour, and sometimes two hours. The local commercial stations, by their own admission, were blanked. We beat them consistently with news. We attracted an enormous audience—so heavy that restaurants complained that nobody came to eat between 7 and 8 P.M. We demonstrated, conclusively, that there is a place for a good reporter on a television news program.

When the strike ended, KQED received a grant from the Ford Foundation for some \$748,000 to try the same reporting format for a year, on an experimental basis. The challenge was to attract the same caliber of reporter, the same large audience, to produce a quality news product when the newspapers were available. And, in so doing, we hoped to discover a more effective way to present news on television.

We put together what is perhaps the best team of reporters for any local television news program in the United States—eleven of them, plus a political cartoonist. Most made the switch from newspapers, but one had news magazine experience, and a few had even worked on television and/or radio. But the criterion for selecting them was their competence as reporters, not their handsome faces. Some have beards, some are balding, some are not handsome, some are young, and some are older. All are good reporters.

Most of the staff have specialties—in science, ra-

cial problems, urban affairs, politics, transportation. On Mondays we call in a lawyer to report on the day's U.S. Supreme Court decisions—not just what they are, but what they mean. We employ specialists in other areas when the need arises. We also discuss the news on the air among ourselves, or with guests ranging the political spectrum from Jerry Rubin to John D. Rockefeller III.

With a larger budget, and more confidence, we use more film—not thirty-second stand-ups but films that tell a story better than we can with words, or better than we can with words alone. The basic credo of television news is that television is a visual medium: therefore everything must be visual. Nonsense. Visuals make sense sometimes; sometimes they are meaningless.

Newsroom is now the most popular program on Channel 9, and it's the liveliest and, perhaps, the most controversial television program in the San

Francisco Bay Area. Among other things, it has had an effect on the quality of reporting on commercial stations. The Ford grant has been renewed for a second year. *Newsrooms* are spreading to other public television stations—Pittsburgh, Dallas, Washington, D.C.—with Ford Foundation support. Fred Friendly, the former CBS-TV news executive and now television adviser to McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, has dreams of a national *Newsroom* for public television.

What also tickles me—as one who spent most of his career as a newspaper man—is that, for the first time in San Francisco, both the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* are monitoring our news programs. They lift three to five news stories a week from us—rather than the other way around.

There is no reason why television news programs must be bad. There is little wrong with them that good reporters can't cure. □

THEORY WITHOUT COMMITMENT

NIXON'S NEW FEDERALISM

DAVID MARS

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The "New Federalism" of Richard M. Nixon began to take shape during the early months of his Administration. The President indicated the direction in which he was headed in mid-April last year when, outlining the principles of his domestic program, he stated: "If there is one thing we know, it is that the federal government cannot solve all the nation's problems by itself; yet, there has been an overshift of jurisdiction and responsibility to the federal government. We must kindle a new partnership between government and people, and among the various levels of government."

By early August, Mr. Nixon was ready to enunciate the principle of new federalism, in terms of a recapture of lost powers by state governments and by citizens. He said: "After a third of a century of power flowing from the people and the states to Washington, it is time for a new federalism in which power, funds and responsibility will flow from Washington to the states and the people." Curiously, local governments were omitted from this first basic statement.

In his first August statement, the President dealt with four aspects of the new federalism: welfare, job training, the role of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and revenue sharing. The last mentioned

might be considered as the keystone, for without it or something like it all other aspects of new federalism might prove meaningless. Revenue sharing is, in Mr. Nixon's words, "profoundly important to the future of our federal system of shared responsibilities." Shortly thereafter, on August 13, the details of the revenue-sharing plan were revealed. I shall look at them in a moment.

By September 1, when he appeared before the annual Governors' Conference, President Nixon had added general background to his concept of new federalism. He saw it as channeling power, funds and authority increasingly to those governments closest to the people. He gave as its essential purpose, "to help regain control of our national destiny by returning a greater share of control to state and local authorities." He promised a new look from the nation's capital at the distribution of powers within the United States, with greatly augmented roles for state governments, local governments and citizens:

Washington will no longer try to go it alone; Washington will no longer dictate without consulting.

This poses a new challenge to the states—not only to administer programs but to devise programs; not only to employ resources but to choose the things for which they should be employed. . . .

The new federalism also recognizes the role of people—of individuals doing, caring, sharing.

The President's interest in new federalism continued into the new year and the new session of Congress. In his January 1970 State of the Union Message, he described it in words that were startlingly similar to those he had used in August: "The time has come to assess and reform all of our in-

stitutions of government at the federal, state and local level. It is time for a new federalism, in which, after 190 years of power flowing from the people and local and state governments to Washington, it will begin to flow from Washington back to the states and to the people." The difference from the August statement seems to be the removal of partisanship. The whole of American history is now said to have witnessed a flow toward the center; whereas the earlier evaluation confined that flow to the last third of the century, during most of which the Democratic Party was in power.

Now as to revenue sharing. On August 13, President Nixon sent to the Congress a message proposing a program of sharing federal revenue with the states. He stressed the dangers of overcentralization; he cited the anomaly of the increasing number and dollar amounts of federal grant programs on the one hand, and the rise in urban problems and crises on the other hand. He noted that the effectiveness of local governments had been impaired by a federal grant system of "staggering complexity and diversity," and he pointed to a half dozen negative effects of the system; he characterized the proliferation of federal programs as "neither the most efficient nor effective way to govern," and at the same time a departure from the founding fathers' perception of a viable set of federal-state relations. Finally, he stated that his electoral campaign and victory had brought about both a commitment and a mandate to reverse the trend of the past three decades, and to rest the "new engines of social progress" on the triple potential of the private sector, the voluntary sector and the levels of government closer to the people.

After dealing with the way his proposed revenue-sharing plan would work, Nixon concluded his message by pointing out its purposes:

To restore to the states their proper rights and roles in the federal system with a new emphasis on and help for local responsiveness; to provide both the encouragement and necessary resources for local and state officials to exercise leadership in solving their own problems; to narrow the distance between people and the government agencies dealing with their problems; to restore strength and vigor to local and state governments; to shift the balance of political power away from Washington and back to the country and the people.

On September 23, Senator Baker introduced S. 2948, a bill entitled "Revenue Sharing Act of 1969." Joining him as co-sponsors of the measure were thirty-two other Senators, mostly Republican, with a sprinkling of Southern Democrats. Though many other revenue-sharing bills had been introduced earlier in the session, S. 2948 quickly became known as the Administration bill on the subject. Its statement of legislative purpose included many of the thoughts and even some of the specific language of Mr. Nixon's August 13 message.

The plan embodied in S. 2948 can be summarized very simply: (a) a fixed portion of total personal taxable income would be returned to the states each

year, rising from one-sixth of 1 per cent in fiscal year 1971 (estimated \$500 million) to a permanent level of 1 per cent in 1976 and thereafter (estimated \$5 billion); (b) the portion which each state would receive would relate to its share of the national population and its own revenue efforts (the more a state taxed itself, the higher the proportion of federal revenue it would receive); (c) a portion of the revenue which each state would receive must be shared with its local governments, and (d) no federal strings would be tied to the money (except for some procedural requirements), and the state and local governments would be free to decide for themselves how to spend their shares.

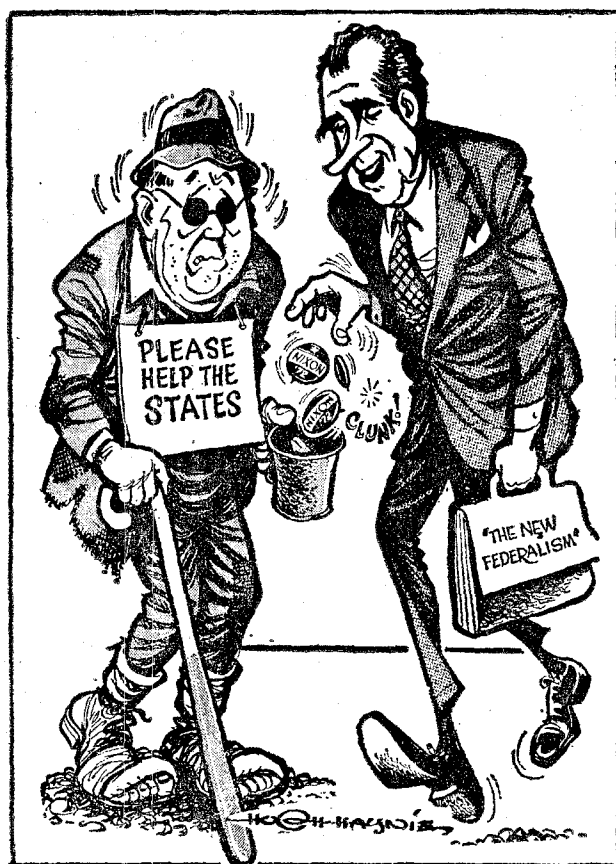
Leaving aside technical questions, such as the method by which revenue effort is calculated, the proposal, though designed to serve worth-while ends, suffers from three serious defects: it does nothing to improve on the existing grant system, or even to mesh with it; it is far too modest; and it does nothing to slow down the continued thrust of the federal government into delivery of services in an increasing number of areas. These defects are so fundamental that one can say that if the revenue-sharing proposal advanced by President Nixon is truly the heart of his new federalism, and if a new federalism is indeed necessary to meet the requirements of the nation, then we are already in need of a new "new federalism."

The existing system of federal grants-in-aid to state and local governments has undergone phenomenal growth. The distribution of money rose from \$147 million in 1930 to \$945 million in 1940; the figure exceeded \$2 billion in 1950, \$7 billion in 1960, and \$25 billion in 1970. The estimate is that it will reach \$40 billion (some place it as high as \$60 billion) in 1975, if the present rate of growth continues. Experts by the score have called attention to the effect which these amounts and numbers of program-appropriations (now well in excess of 400) have had on federal-state-local relations. The President himself cited some of the difficulties on August 13, including: overlapping programs at state and local levels, distortion of state and local budgets, increased administrative costs, program delay and uncertainty, decline in authority and responsibility of chief executives as grants have become tied to functional bureaucracies, and creation of new and frequently competitive state and local governmental institutions. Despite all this, S. 2948 completely ignores the existing grant structure: the words "grant" or "grants-in-aid" appear nowhere in the bill. Presumably, all the grant programs will continue as before and the new money to be made available if and when S. 2948 passes would be conferred on top of the grants, a bonus. Thus, far from addressing the problems brought about by the operation of the existing system, the bill would seem to compound them.

Second, the amount of money that would be distributed under the Administration's revenue-sharing

plan is far too little to do any good. (Obviously, it could be greater if the revenue-sharing proposal substituted for or incorporated some of the existing grants-in-aid.) The estimated \$500 million to be made available in fiscal 1971 might make some difference if spent in just one large city; it can have no effect when spread around the country in the way provided by the formula written into the bill: \$350 million to be distributed among the fifty states and \$150 million among the country's 22,000 local governments. Even when the amount to be returned rises to the 1976 maximum of 1 per cent of personal taxable income—an estimated \$5 billion—it will still be far too modest to have much impact, anticipating 1976 prices and 1976 problems.

Finally, the revenue-sharing plan advanced by



Los Angeles Times

"And a Good Day to You, My Good Man!"

President Nixon, by not attacking the problems of grants-in-aid, does not address what has become to some people an increasingly apparent problem: the growing tendency of the federal government to move into direct service areas. This tendency seems to reflect an assumption on the part of some federal legislators, executives and administrators that only direct intervention or service by the federal government can eradicate a given problem. While the federal government has amply demonstrated its capacity as a collector of revenue, its success as a direct furnisher of services is far less evident. Without accepting implicitly the position adopted by ex-

treme advocates of local home rule, it may be stated as a principle that in a pluralistic democratic society, people's needs should be addressed generally by governments close to them. These governments can be held responsible for the improper or inadequate furnishing of services, and are appropriately and immediately accessible to citizen demands and pressures.

At the same time, the need is clear for mechanisms to express and implement national policy in those areas where such policy is appropriate. Otherwise, the level of services provided to people becomes an accident of their place of residence, and may vary widely from place to place, to the actual and psychological detriment of many persons. A really effective new federalism would consist of the following elements:

(1) Massive redistribution of federally collected revenues and integration of the newly distributed revenue with existing grants, so that a large part of the money to be shared comes from revenue now being assigned to various categorical grants.

(2) Creation of a mechanism to review continually the nation's social and economic indicators, and to recommend to Congress legislation creating national policy in areas deemed appropriate. The mechanism might be a council of respected social science scholars, to be appointed by the Congress, the President or both. The council on national policy would develop close relations with existing national bodies, including the National Goals Council, the Urban Affairs Council, the Council of Economic Advisers, and others. Once a governmental function was legislated by Congress to be a matter of national policy, the federal government would make new funds available to provide for a minimum level of service in that particular area. State and local governments would be free to add from their own resources to provide for higher levels of service in the area.

(3) Creation of a system of ombudsmen to monitor the efforts of the state and local governments, to insure that the minimum level of services prescribed in the national policy is maintained, and that federal funds are not diverted to inappropriate purposes. These ombudsmen would have access to agency files and records, and would be empowered to seek judicial writs to enforce their findings. Should decentralized ombudsmen prove ineffective in maintaining the services intended in the national policy legislation, a centralized authority would have to be substituted. This authority might be a new national creation or a subsidiary agency of the council on national policy.

The end sought in the above recommendations is to bring about a centralized declaration of policy with decentralized furnishing of services. Only by keeping the various levels of government in the United States operating within spheres of policy and action appropriate to them can we achieve a type of new federalism that will truly serve the interests of the American people. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Dreams Deferred, Promises Betrayed

TURBULENT YEARS: A History of the American Worker, 1933-1941. By Irving Bernstein. Houghton Mifflin Co. 873 pp. \$12.95.

SIT-DOWN: The General Motors Strike of 1936-1937. By Sidney Fine. University of Michigan Press. 448 pp. \$12.50.

MELVYN DUBOFSKY

Mr. Dubofsky, author of *We Shall Be All: A History of the I.W.W. (Quadrangle)*, is senior lecturer in the history of American labor, University of Warwick (England) for the 1969-70 term.

Here in England, where I am spending the year, news of Pinkville, the repression of the Black Panthers, and the murder of Joseph Yablonski, his wife and daughter, make America seem a strange and distant land. Stranger yet, I form the distinct impression that in America the campuses now appear quiet, the blacks no longer riot in their ghettos, and the unions remain lethargic. With Nixon seemingly secure in the White House, Agnew appealing to "middle America," and Mitchell rendering justice, the naive hopes of recent years have dissolved into the more sober realities of April 1970. The young, and also the not-so-young, have learned that America's rulers control a vast array of material and psychological weapons, and are not to be easily removed from their seats of power.

Has it always been so? Could it ever have been otherwise? For a time, at least, it once appeared that America might indeed take a different turning, a road not yet tried. That time was the 1930s, a decade when the American Establishment's great and obvious failure was not 6,000 miles away; it was right at home for millions of Americans suffering the worst depression in the nation's history. The political and business leaders who had taken credit for the "golden glow" of the 1920s and for leading America out of history and into heaven could not now escape the responsibility for the total social and economic collapse their grand capitalist system had produced.

In the 1930s American farmers and workers demanded payment for dreams deferred, promises betrayed, aspirations shattered. Only a new and better social order, many asserted, could guarantee society against another Great Depression. Yet that new order never came into being, and today the descendants of the

pre-depression ruling classes again occupy the seats of power.

The virtue of these books by Professors Fine and Bernstein, properly read and understood, is to offer us a partial but satisfactory explanation. *Sit-Down* and *Turbulent Years* approach the 1930s from similar New Deal, liberal Democratic perspectives, though they are strikingly different in content and style, if not in ultimate conclusions.

Bernstein's is a big, fat book—at times simply crammed too full with facts, events, personalities and anecdotes—taking as its canvas the entire nation and sketching the evolution of the tripartite relationship among employers, workers and government. Filling in his canvas with broad strokes and bright hues, Bernstein portrays every major strike and violent labor conflict of the 1930s; the fratricidal clash within the labor movement between craft and industrial unionists; the personalities and policies of the dominant labor, business and political leaders; and the evolution of legislative, administrative and judicial labor law. It is all there, and more. But the total effect is less than satisfying.

For one thing, the canvas is too wide, the brush strokes too hurried to penetrate far beneath the surface to a deeper understanding of the individuals and communities swept up in the whirlpool of social conflict and change. For another, the colors are too bright: too often the witty anecdote, the biting image, the quick judgment, substitute for the harder work of historical and social analysis.

A case in point is Bernstein's portrayal

SENIOR CITIZEN

*Whether she became today
Sixty-seven or seventy-three
She does not know—she suddenly
Cannot remember,
And panic-stricken paces the floor
And sobs,
"Have I already, oh my God,
Lost my memory?"*

*Then tries to calm her fears
By saying, "See
How clearly you can still recall
That at twenty-three
Thirty was a century away!"*

Marcia Nardi

of Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan which reduces him to an administrative incompetent and a judicial ignoramus. Sidney Fine, on the basis of sounder and more substantial scholarship, describes a far different Murphy, a humane, intelligent and solid public figure; indeed a unique political personality who could combine his lust for office with full compassion for the disinherited, ample concern for the general interest, and an exceptional regard for civil liberties, including those of Japanese-Americans during World War II. Obviously attempting to capture the fancy of the casual reader, Bernstein treats the subtleties of history and the complexities of society too loosely. His 873-page history is probably too much for the casual reader, while the more serious student will be frustrated at finding in so many words so few ideas.

Sit-Down is everything that *Turbulent Years* is not. Written in a sober, scholarly style, it examines one labor conflict, one community, one company and one union: the battle in Flint, Mich., between the General Motors Corporation and sit-down strikers representing the United Auto Workers. Fine has meticulously documented what was perhaps the most important strike in American history. A weak and divided union, the UAW in 1936, with minimal assistance from the federal government, destroyed the resistance of the world's most powerful industrial corporation. Fine's book makes abundantly clear that after the UAW victory in Flint, labor-management relations could never again be the same, industrial unionism was here to stay, and the CIO had become a major national force. Fine has written a splendid story of this pivotal industrial conflict.

Both books are an excellent reminder of the persistence of certain types of political and social behavior. The actions of the authorities and the police during the thirties are an instance. Minneapolis police during the 1934 Teamsters' strike shot sixty-seven persons, two fatally. After seeing the victims' wounds—nearly all in the back—Eric Sevareid wrote: "They had been shot while running out of ambush." That same year San Francisco's police during the city-wide general strike were described in action by a middle-class observer:

The night sticks were the worst. The long hard wood clubs lay onto skulls with sickening force, again and again till a face was hardly recog-

nizable. . . . The police answer to this was gas, and still more gas. . . . Volley after volley of these crashed into the closely packed mob, searing flesh, blinding, and choking. . . . The superior technical equipment of the uniformed forces was too much for any human flesh. . . . I find no record of any police having been shot, a tribute to union discipline.

The Chicago police during the 1937 Memorial Day Massacre fatally shot ten strikers and wounded thirty others, all of whom were running away from the police charge. As Harold Ickes said:

I don't know whether any other city has a worse police force than Chicago but I doubt it. . . . From the time of the Haymarket riots . . . police always justified brutal invasions of civil rights by calling those whom they manhandled "anarchists."

Fine's description of the impact of the sit-down on Flint workers resembles, as he notes, contemporary accounts of student sit-ins. "In the sit-down," Fine writes, "the strikers almost for the first time became acquainted with one another and began to develop a sense of fellowship and coherence." And what would a member of Women's Liberation think of the response of a UAW striker's wife who joined the Women's Auxiliary: "I found a common understanding and unselfishness I'd never known in my life. I'm living for the first time with a definite goal. . . . Just being a woman isn't enough anymore. I want to be a human being with a right to think for myself."

Yet in certain other respects, times have significantly changed. Most of the confrontations, 1930s-style, took place near the actual sites of social and economic power: factory gates and city centers. And the contenders usually clashed as a result of quite specific demands for a redistribution of power. Ironically, too, the victims of the 1930s are today among the most ardent advocates of law and order and supporters of their local police.

Also remarkable in these histories is the sense they give of the relatively passive role on labor taken by the Roosevelt administration. The New Deal did little for organized labor unless unions had power. Quite early on John L. Lewis and his supporters, though not the AFL hierarchs, learned the lesson of power: Washington offered unions little that was not earned or demanded. Both Bernstein and Fine show that the great labor legislation of the New Deal, especially the Wagner Act, was more a political response to working-class pressures than a gift conferred upon the masses. Moreover, as Fine particularly demonstrates, the basic CIO breakthrough in the mass-production industries occurred before the

Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Wagner Act and while employers were still fighting to evade its enforcement. Unionists learned from the early failures of the New Deal, as Bernstein observes, "that they would win bargaining rights not by invoking the law but by showing their own strength." As John L. Lewis stressed: "It is axiomatic . . . that you can get just about what you are ready to take."

Given the militancy evident among the masses during the Great Depression, one is entitled to ask why no more fundamental changes occurred in national society. Both these books provide answers. To begin with, rank-and-file workers compelled employers and politicians to learn,

or at least concede, that organized labor might serve as the country's chief bulwark against communism and other revolutionary movements. With this knowledge, frequently gained the hard way, employers and public officials integrated organized labor more fully into the capitalist system, offering it a subordinate share of public and private power.

John L. Lewis provides another clue. The towering figure in the labor movement of the time, he was, as Bernstein's account illustrates, the heart, soul and pocketbook of the CIO and its industrial-union drive. Yet prior to the New Deal he had been a Republican with a social vision in accord with that of Herbert Hoover. He ran one of the most dicta-

**There is no longer room
for a middle in our culture —
only left or right.**

THE PURSUIT OF LONELINESS

American Culture at the Breaking Point
by Philip Slater

"An astute essay on the paranoid strain in America which in our time has brought our country, culturally and perhaps politically, to a dangerously polarized state." — *Publisher's Weekly*

Is our society salvageable? Only if the new culture is ushered in gracefully. "If the old culture is not rejected then its adherents must be prepared to accept a bloodbath such as has not been seen in the United States since the Civil War, for genocidal weapons will be on one side and unarmed masses on the other."

— *The Pursuit of Loneliness*
Available May 15, \$7.50

THE VANGUARD

A Photographic Essay on the Black Panthers
by Ruth-Marion Baruch and Pirkle Jones

The systematic repression of Panther leaders may be the beginning of the violence discussed in *The Pursuit of Loneliness*. Because the Panthers are a powerful threat to the Establishment, they are usually portrayed as rebellious and destructive. These striking photographs capture the dreams and purpose behind the rebellion. And the tenderness — a young man spooning cereal into a child's mouth — that unsympathetic media often "forget."

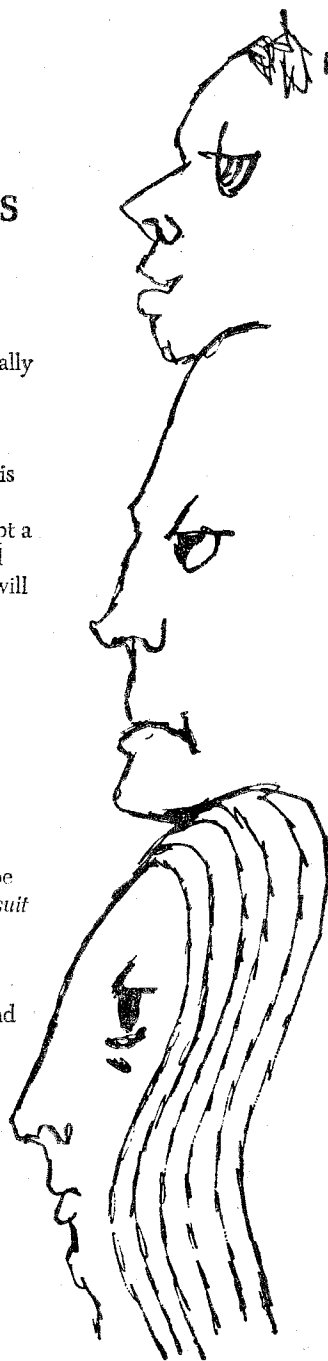
Available April 14, \$7.50; paperback, \$2.95

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torial unions in the nation; even today the United Mine Workers operates in the Lewis mold. From such as Lewis one could not expect the creation of a new order. And had a more radical leader filled the Lewis role, he would still have had to contend with the rank and file.

Sit-Down details just how nonrevolutionary Flint's militant strikers were in

their objectives, if not their methods. One striker said simply: "We don't aim to keep the plants or try to run them but we want to see that nobody takes our jobs." When General Motors surrendered and offered UAW members power of a sort on the shop floor, a previously anti-strike worker commented: "We are now treated as human beings and not as part

of the machinery." Thus discontent was stifled and radicalism contained.

My criticism notwithstanding, all those eager to understand the most dynamic period in the history of the labor movement would do well to read these two timely, rewarding and provocative books. They will also learn much about contemporary America. □

FIERCER THAN EVENING WOLVES

Lying here in truth more disgruntled than in any great discomfort, shaped to this tapered wedge of cosmos, wondering if there would be relief in having a God to hate . . . I've tried it—believing there was one, that is. "Everything," says Blake, "possible to be believed is an image of the truth." Whether a god's being is "possible to be believed" by me I shall probably die without discovering.

To while the night away, try now imagining for symbol's sake a man bigger than any professional basketball or football player. Something to the scale of the Rhodes Colossus or the Pharaohs of Abu-Simbel. Bearded. Naked or in a sort of off-the-shoulder toga? Both. And with a clutch of writhing thunderbolts. Zeus, Thor, Quetzalcoatl all in one. Endow him with omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence . . . All to no end.

I lie here remembering, half-envying my truly pious mother, who did believe—totally, always, absolutely and without shading or limitation and died selecting, as she hoped, the most telling of blasphemies, mastered her mangled speech to utter it precisely enunciated, "God is a cunt," straining to say the word for the first time in her life, sure that He was hearing her, that she was in His hands and soon would stand defenseless in His presence.

"What," the red-headed intern asks, "did your father die of?" Another's suicide. Illuminating gas. He broke down the door of the hotel room. The blast broke windows blocks away. "And your mother? Please, no accidents." This was no accident. Of that we can be sure. Swallowing a massive dose of potassium chlorate—no, not cyanide—where she got it was never learned—in the charity ward of the New Haven Hospital. The story, both longer and shorter than it should have been,

boils down mostly to arithmetic? How is your arithmetic, doctor?

The Arithmetic Lesson

If one room's rent with cooking privileges came to \$7 a week, and 60 times 20 cents an hour is \$12 and you had to put a quarter in the gas meter from time to time and shoes and clothes wore out or got outgrown and on days when you were working on the other side of town you had to take the trolley, how did you eat and feed your young? Simple. By taking in sewing to do at home nights and Sundays. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Evenings between cooking and doing the housework and getting back to sewing, she would read the Bible to me. Especially the Old Testament. I liked that best—even Jeremiah and Habakkuk . . . Their horses swifter than leopards and fiercer than evening wolves . . . and Ezekiel with his cherubim on beryl monocycles. She skipped the parts about Dinah's boy-friend getting circumcised and the two Tamars and the Lord making the Israelites hamstring the horses and rip up the bellies of pregnant ladies. Yes, the Lord God fared very well by Her—better than She did by him, by far.

In her mid-forties when successive strokes twisted her mouth awry, mangled her speech, paralyzed the right side of her body, there were, each with its acute eternity enhanced by helplessness, some 86 thousand seconds in a day.

"She's young," the trim-cut doctor jibed. "May well live on like this another twenty years." Roughly 600 million seconds, each more desperate than the last.

Would you let a half-crushed spider live a millionth part as long? ". . . fiercer than evening wolves . . ."

Does that answer your question, doctor? Nothing hereditary, I should say.

Ramon Guthrie

'Freedom, Freedom, Freedom!'

AMERICAN LABOR: The Twentieth Century. Edited by Jerold S. Auerbach. Bobbs-Merrill. 474 pp. \$7.50.

STUDS TERKEL

Mr. Terkel is the author of Division Street . . . America and Hard Times: An Oral History of the Depression (both Pantheon).

"There is Leonora O'Reilly—tall, slender, arms outstretched calling to us, pleading to us to organize, to unite, to strike for shorter hours, for higher wages, for humane conditions. Urging us to *think* and to act. Oh how Leonora could speak and how we youngsters loved her!"

"I like my work. I like working for Christian people. Mr. Pugh owns the shoe plant here and he sure is a Christian man. Do you know why he's made such a big success in life? It's the Christian way he lives."

"What makes these men walk that way, you wonder, with that slow, sodden step? What is there in these faces that catches at you, clamps down the first-day buoyance of your spirit?"

A young girl recounting the 1909 strike at the Triangle Waist Company; a Southern leather worker explaining his anti-union feeling; a steel mill hand describing the nature of industrial dehumanization: these long-neglected thoughts have been gathered by Professor Auerbach from early Congressional hearings and assorted other sources. They are the heart of this rewarding and revelatory book.

For too long, Auerbach maintains, our knowledge of American labor has been cursory, at best: hand-me-down success stories of celebrated leaders and wheezy institutions, many of which have become as soulless as the corporations they once battled. The workingman himself has been seldom heard from. Usually considered inarticulate, lost, he is surprisingly eloquent in these pages. Who are these shadowy figures in blue collars today, so little understood by intellectuals and radicals? What is it that has made them brother to Markham's "Man with the Hoe" and friend to George Wallace? Auerbach's work comes a long way in casting light on this darkness.

Though much of the material is from early in the century, its impact is startlingly contemporary. Samuel Gompers, under cross-examination by the Socialist, Morris Hillquit, blows his cool. The old cigar maker refuses to admit the battle is "against the interests of the employing people"; it is merely "conducted for somebody." It's not against anybody! Is

not then the A.F. of L. "acting blindly from day to day"? asks Hillquit. Gompers refuses to answer; the question is insulting.

Is it any wonder then that the UMWA has become the ever-loving sweetheart of the mine operators? The spirit of Gompers has overcome that of Johnnie Mitchell and John L. Lewis. And thus Joe Yablonski died. And so, too, in 1937, did Marshall Musick's boy. In testifying before the La Follette committee, a militant Kentucky miner recounts the Harlan terror directed toward his family as well as himself. Metamorphosis, 1969: the union becomes the operator. Gompersism, 1916: we're not against anybody.

Juxtaposed are the thoughts of Eugene Debs in 1904:

The important thing to impress upon the mind of the trades-unionist is that it is his duty to cultivate the habit of doing his own thinking. The moment he realizes this, he is beyond the power of the scheming politician, the emissary of the exploiter, in and out of the labor movement.

As a coda to the vision of the Terre Haute fireman, an anonymous Wobbly remembers his mentor, Ragnar Johanson:

In hundreds of lectures, I have heard this man urge his fellow workers to educate themselves, to study and organize, but never have I heard him utter one word about using brutal force to accomplish their ends. Where is Ragnar Johanson now? He is serving ten years in Leavenworth. . . .

This is the pervading conflict in Auerbach's anthology: the pork-chop politics of the labor skate as against the challenge to the workingman to *think through* his life experience. In many instances, the father has not told his son how things came to be. Or else he has a hell of a good forgettery.

Mary Heaton Vorse's moving account of the Flint sit-downers' triumph in 1937 makes for ironic reading today. After forty-four days of siege, the cheers, the rejoicing: "They are shouting to the rhythm of 'Freedom, Freedom, Freedom!'" She pointed out that the Chevy-4 plant had been left in perfect order. A similar account was offered to me by a survivor of the Fisher plant sit-down: "We carefully laid newspapers over the seat-cushions." Yet last year a Flint cabbie told me how the sit-downers had "destroyed the place, left it a shambles." Was he there? No, people told him.

When a young auto worker raged against student and black sit-ins, I asked

him about the Flint sit-down. He had never heard of it. The conversation occurred within a block of the historic event. His father had worked for Chevrolet in 1937. Was it in 1901 that his grandfather was called a "hunkie" by John Griswold, Scotch-Irish furnace boss at U.S. Steel? "They don't seem like men to me hardly. They don't talk United States." Thus the "hunkie," 1901, has become to the desperate unemployed black the "honkie," 1970. And to the hunkie, deprived of his own history, the black has become the threat to his hard-won gains.

Toward the end of the book, Paul Jacobs calls for the unions to "return to the political function that was once primary with them," and Solomon Barkin pleads for the recapture of "the messianic spirit of former years." Tom Gorman, in describing the plight of Packinghouse Workers made jobless by automation, reminds us: "The human being is still there. He is more valuable to us than the machine. The machine is here and we cannot stop it. We have to try to take care of the fellow that the machine displaces. How we do that, we don't care. It must be done."

Yet Auerbach's book tells us more. The history of American labor, like that of our whole society, has been double-




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threaded: Gompers, Meany, pork chops—one strand—intertwined with the challenge to the workingman to discover not only his contradictory history but his possibilities. Surrounded by color TV, a patio and a heavily mortgaged house, he is still as John Fitch described him in 1901: looking “dull-eyed on a world from which the brightness has gone.” □

Silent Partner

AMERICAN LABOR AND UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY. By Ronald Radosh. Random House. 463 pp. \$10.

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton, who teaches international relations at the New School for Social Research, is the author of *The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson* (Coward-McCann). He is now working on a study of President Kennedy's foreign policy to be published by The Viking Press.

There was a time when books glorified the American way; now it seems that almost all the good books add to the pervasive sense of despair. And there was a time when, perhaps nourished by too much Upton Sinclair, it was possible to think of the unions and the workers they represented as a powerful force for liberalism and decency. However much we would like to cling to that comforting myth, it has long ceased to be possible. The pages of our newspapers began to dispel it some years ago and now books are appearing that do the job more systematically and with a convincing, indeed overpowering, weight of evidence. One likely to endure is this excellent study by the young leftist scholar, Ronald Radosh.

His book's most substantial contribution to scholarship is in the two-thirds devoted to the AFL and Samuel Gompers and their relationship to the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson. Gompers, despite popular conception, was fundamentally conservative and showed great willingness to gain governmental favor by devoting the political and moral resources of the American labor movement to the purposes of Wilson's foreign policy. Radosh's discussion calls into further question the depth of Wilson's liberalism. And it establishes a sturdy foundation for his later treatment of the labor movement's clandestine intervention in the domestic affairs of European, Latin American and African nations.

For general readers, the book's greatest appeal will probably lie in these sections devoted to labor as the cold-war ally of the CIA and the State De-

partment, and Radosh's discussion of those fascinating, shadowy figures: Irving Brown, Serafino Romualdi and, most especially, Jay Lovestone. There are fascinating views of Brown in Europe and Romualdi in Latin America manipulating foreign labor movements, spreading government money and arrogating to themselves the determination of what was good for these countries. Radosh can't tell the full story, of course, for their work was by definition secret, but enough emerges to make compelling and scary reading. The book is less satisfying on Jay Lovestone, the Allen Dulles of the American labor movement. Lovestone's name surfaces now and then, his unseen presence is felt continually, but there are few facts. This powerful, mysterious figure has covered his tracks very well. But what a book he'd make.

What Radosh tells us about American labor's counterrevolutionary acts in Guatemala, British Guiana, the Dominican Republic and elsewhere in Latin America may cause the reader to despair of the labor movement and the foreign policy to which it has committed itself. Radosh shows in what manifold ways the labor movement has become a branch of American corporate capitalism. He quotes Arthur W. Calhoun who wrote more than forty years ago that there was no alternative “but for organized labor to go along with triumphant American capitalism in its conquest of the world.” The unions have decided that it is better to be a “side-partner to American business in its march toward enslavement of the world than to take poor chances in a battle with the employers.” Consider how willingly labor has embraced the military-industrial complex, how no one squawks louder than the unions when a defense plant or a military base is closed.

The obsessive anti-communism of the labor movement is another case in point. It is entirely understandable, even justifiable, that moderate, reformist unions would oppose communism; but why have they so often gone beyond tough, legitimate opposition to a virulence that frequently causes them to sacrifice the interests of the labor movement, the workers, and even the general welfare at home and abroad?

Though Radosh is tough on the labor movement, he still carries a residual faith in the worker:

Since the days of the revolutionary Industrial Workers of the World, there has been no independent union movement controlled by its own rank-and-file and not tied to the machinery of the state. Only with such a union movement, however, will workers be able to mold a democratic movement that will develop leaders who move beyond limited aims that fail to challenge the hegemony of the corporations. When such a new movement is fashioned, American workers will begin a long overdue assessment of the assumptions behind the adoption of a backward and reactionary foreign policy.

Such a hope may be more generous than realistic. Who is there to start such a movement? Today, most unions are narrowly conceived, with their liberalism generally confined to questions of wages, hours and fringe benefits. It had once been possible to hope that unionized workers, because they were and sometimes still are among the oppressed, would have instinctive sympathy with others of the oppressed. It is cause for great sadness that this simply is not so. With few exceptions, unions and union members stand to the right of American society. □

The Only True Defiance

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. M & S Press (Weston, Mass.). 12 Vols. 4,350 pp. \$210.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A magazine essay by Edmund Wilson, published in 1929, made me want to read John Jay Chapman. I soon discovered that it was not easy, in or out of libraries, to find copies of his books. But the more I read of those I did find, the more I wanted to read the rest, and so I set about acquiring a collection of his writings. It proved to be a time-consuming and frustrating task. Even with the help of Chapman, who sent me one or two

rare items and helped me find others, I was not able to acquire a complete collection. The books were not costly; they were simply unavailable.

Other Chapman enthusiasts—a small but devoted set of readers—have had much the same experience. As a graduate student at New York University in the late 1950s, Melvin Bernstein was prompted to read Chapman by Wilson's essay. It took him, he tells me, nearly two years to build a Chapman collection. H. H. Wilson, of the Politics Department at Princeton, discovered and began collecting Chapman in much the same way.

All those who have gone through the laborious process of acquiring a Chap-

SONG OF GROWING UP IN QUEENS, N.Y.

*Always bigger kids around
to knock me face against the ground.
The teeth I use for tearing meat
have often tasted raw concrete.
That was growing up in Queens.
I had one end, no means—
except to wait and sometimes pray
at night in a dead-end alleyway,
asking God to bring the day
when I would dish the best blow out,
bloody someone else's snout
and knock his teeth into his shout.*

Wallace Kaufman

man collection will readily acknowledge the need for a new edition of his published writings. In 1957 Jacques Barzun brought out a one-volume *Selected Writings* with a perceptive introduction, but failed to include some of Chapman's best political and social criticism. Now, forty years after Edmund Wilson first suggested that the works be reprinted, we are presented with this splendid edition of Chapman's books: twenty-seven works in twelve volumes, with an introduction and explanatory notes for each volume by Melvin Bernstein—who incidentally has written several pieces about Chapman for *The Nation*—a memoir by Chandler A. Chapman, and an indispensable bibliographical check list by David M. Stocking.

Who is it, then, among American publishers who has finally recognized the need for a collected edition of the writings of John Jay Chapman? One of the old-line publishing firms perhaps or a university press? No, the honor, the distinction, goes to a novice. Daniel G. Siegel, age 34, holds a B.A. in philosophy from Brown University (1957) and degrees from the State University of Iowa, where he attended the Writers' Conference. In 1969 he decided to launch a publishing firm largely for the sake of bringing out the collected works of Chapman (the firm has since issued several other works). Siegel says he will be satisfied if the firm breaks even on the Chapman edition—no doubt a modest appraisal since the edition is restricted to 600 sets and was expensive to publish. Fliers have been sent to a large list of libraries and orders are coming in steadily, if a bit slowly.

I find it hard to believe that any university library could afford to be without this edition which, for the first time, makes available all the published volumes. If the price seems high, let me say that anyone who has had to acquire a Chapman collection the hard way has

spent much more than \$210 in the process. The individual Chapman books were becoming very rare indeed. Five years ago Mr. Siegel acquired a copy of *The Nursery*, one of about four or five complete copies in existence, and only two years ago managed to obtain a copy of *The Two Philosophers*, one of about a half dozen known copies. So this edition is a rescue operation performed in the nick of time. That it should be the first venture of a young man just entering the publishing field is a remarkable tribute to Siegel's sense of what needs to be published as against what does get published.

Recently I asked Siegel how he happened to get interested in Chapman. His first contact with Chapman, he tells me, came through reading Barzun's *Selected Writings* in the summer of 1958 (a pertinent footnote on how interest in a not too well known writer's work is sustained and passed along from one generation to another). In the fall of 1959, he read all the Chapman letters in the Houghton Library, a marvelous collection only a few of which appear in M. A. DeWolfe Howe's edition of the letters (1937). Siegel also began to collect Chapman's books in the way so many others have had to, by combing through used-book shops and scanning catalogues.

What was there about Chapman's writings that impressed him so much? "I like to believe," he wrote me,

that one of my finer qualities is an inability to be imitative; few life styles appeal to me, and single motives rarely persuade me, for they usually turn shoddy or irrelevant in short order. In his writings I saw that Chapman forced a coherence into his daily life, and into his relations with authority and institution. He denied, continually, in all phases, the unearned prerogatives. For me, his articulate individualism is the only true defiance. At every moment he made an exertion we would all like to make (and especially the young), but cannot make. He demanded that the individual not institutionalize himself, that the individual not permit himself to be the pipeline of the absurdities and simplicities of others. I cannot believe that such a point of view will not always be relevant. We can only hope that it will have some appeal in this era of mass conformities and mass rebellions. It seems to me that today we hear very few points of view on any issue and that, in fact, there are damn few points of view. We now have a "for 'em or against 'em" mentality; Chapman is a needed corrective (as he always has been).

No doubt there should be a larger audience for Chapman's writings today than there was in his lifetime. He himself thought that his writings would have

Contempt

SEALE	RUBIN
DELLINGER	FROINES
DAVIS	WEINER
HAYDEN	KUNSTLER
HOFFMAN	WEINGLASS

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- Have the Chicago 8 defendants and their lawyers made a mockery of our legal system?
- What did go on in Judge Julius Hoffman's courtroom?

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is the complete, unedited transcript of the 179 contempt citations against the Conspiracy 8 defendants and their lawyers. It documents every incident, every verbal exchange, every action for which the outraged judge sentenced 10 men to what may be counted as 19 years, 9 days possible imprisonment for contempt of court.

It's all here—the personalities of the prosecution, the defendants, the defense, and the judge. The interruptions, the spectators' responses, the moving replies by each of the 10 men to the contempt charges against them.

"It is a travesty on justice and if you had any sense at all you would know that that record that you read condemns you and not us." David Dellinger to Judge Hoffman on February 14, 1970.

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more meaning to later generations than to his own. A generation in quest of relevance should find Chapman very relevant indeed. Much of what he wrote by way of social and political criticism is certainly applicable to our present condition. It would be hard to find a better guide to American politics than the combination of *The Nursery* (also called *The Political Nursery*)—published as a kind of newsletter between March 1897 and January 1901, and finally issued in book form—*Practical Agitation, and Causes and Consequences*. Let one quotation suffice: "Misgovernment in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce. . . . Mere financial dishonesty is of very little importance in the history of civilization. Who cares whether Caesar stole or Caesar Borgia cheated? Their intellects stayed clear. The real evil that follows in the wake of a commercial dishonesty so general as ours is the intellectual dishonesty it generates." On the subject of corruption, Lincoln Steffens seems somewhat superficial in comparison.

What Chapman said about slavery, nonviolent resistance, and the abolitionists still matters. His superb Coatesville Address belongs in every anthology; but anthologists, for some reason, have always neglected Chapman. His biography of—really an essay on—Garrison is a classic. One never tires of reading what he had to say about Emerson, William James and Whitman. (Of Whitman: "This man committed every unpardonable sin against conventions and his whole life was an outrage. He was neither chaste, nor industrious, nor religious. He patiently lived upon cold pie and tramped the earth in triumph.") What Chapman said about "Our Universities" in 1932, shortly before his death, might well have been written in 1970. Each year H. H. Wilson reads Chapman's magnificent Hobart College Commencement Address of 1900, on "The Unity of Human Nature," to his graduating class in politics and concludes, with a characteristic growl, "and no finer commencement address will be delivered this year." It would be difficult to imagine a successful challenge to this statement.

A generation concerned with ghettos and the war in Vietnam should be interested in the way Chapman related lynchings to military conflict in the Philippines. Chapman was, of course, a deeply religious man. Moral insight was his strength; it was also his limitation. In some instances he condemned for the wrong reason or failed to understand the real causes of what he condemned. In later years he was inclined to blame immigrants and Jews for changes taking place in American society which distressed him keenly—and for good rea-

sons—but for which these groups were not responsible.

But will Chapman, even now, find the wide audience he deserves? For Siegel's sake I hope so but I doubt it. To Barzun, Chapman's main theme was the American mind (I would say the American ethos). The major reason he was not widely read in his lifetime was that his peers did not like his criticism of the prevailing national secular ethic. It struck much too close to home; it made them feel uncomfortable with themselves and less than satisfied with their achievements. The Republic, as Barzun notes, "has no use for critics of his sort. Partisan objectors, yes, since they satisfy

party feelings. But a Socrates, no. Not only does such a man annoy, without furnishing a reasonable ulterior motive, but he is usually hard to interpret."

Will this generation, then, for all its rejection of the prevailing values, be drawn to Chapman in larger numbers than their parents and grandparents? Probably not and for the same reason; they too will find him a bit hard to take. When one observes their preoccupation with new life styles and the way they conform to these styles, in dress and behavior, in rhetoric and action, one must doubt that they are likely to appreciate Chapman's conception of an "articulate individualism" as "the only true defiance." □

'I've Seen It There'

T & G: The Collected Poems (1936-1966). By Lorine Niedecker. Illustrated with plant prints by A. Doyle Moore. The Jargon Society. (Penland, N.C.) \$4.95.

MICHAEL HELLER

Mr. Heller is a poet. He teaches at New York University.

In a long poem entitled "Wintergreen Ridge," recently published in *Caterpillar* magazine, Lorine Niedecker writes:

Nobody nothing
ever gave me
greater thing

than time
unless light
and silence

which if intense
makes sound

Now a collection of thirty years' work, approximately 50 pages of occasions when the light and silence were intense enough, has been thoughtfully and beautifully presented by Jonathan Williams' Jargon Society. This book, along with Fulcrum of England's *North Central* (1969), a somewhat overlapping selection, should introduce her to the larger audience she deserves, for until recently her poems have been read and appreciated by only a handful of people (mostly other poets).

Miss Niedecker's poems are for the most part notations of isolation, of the poet's own and the world's sheer recalcitrance, an inert and almost blind physicality which she confronts in her native landscape (the rural Midwest) and its people: "the folk from whom all poetry flows/and dreadfully much else." The poems are natural and seemingly artless constructions as though mirroring this region of the United States, an area

as yet unhumbled by technology, grazed and plowed, yet lying before the eye with its contours basically unchanged. And it is out of its loneliness and austerity that Miss Niedecker speaks. Coming to difficult terms with it:

These men are our woods
yet I grieve.

I'm swamp
as against a large pine-spread—
his clear No marriage
no marriage
friend.

Often pulling back in hurt:

clean sorrow
better than bitter
winter
brotherhood

Yet these poems seem neither self-pitying nor mean, for there is in Miss Niedecker's work an obstinacy, an almost iron commitment to valuing her world, a moral concern for her art that is rare and important. It is a concern for clarity, for the most basic *knowing* of one's own existence. Thus in poem after poem she establishes precisely how it is a human suffers and celebrates there being other humans, other objects in the world. In the book's first poem:

There's a better shine
on the pendulum
than is on my hair
and many times

I've seen it there.

the pause between the last two lines ingathers the poet's feelings of jealousy and love of beauty so that "I've seen it there" can bear witness to both, a witnessing which if it took sides would be absurd or banal. This is to derive a power not from human vanity or longing but

from disclosure, an ability to render with exactness the totality of a subjective relationship.

To render, to create such summations is to do more than substantiate one's own existence; it is to create through craft a dialectic of words and silences with which the reader can interact:

Paul
 when the leaves
 fall
 from their stems
 that lie thick
 on the walk
 in the light
 of the full note
 the moon
 playing
 to leaves
 when they leave
 the little
 thin things
 Paul

The experience of passing through the poems is mainly sensuous; moving across and down the lines one senses not ideas but complex interplays: rising and dying sounds, imagery as much counterpoint as counterpart to the music. Such tensions and delays function to build the poem into its own justification and release: an articulation that discharges the energy of the poet's perceptions yet never drives one out of relation to the poem.

This articulation, however, hovers precariously on the good faith of poet and reader. The poems are made with such strictness, such rigor, to say no more than what must be said (this "condensery," as Miss Niedecker humorously states it), that they are less in danger of being misunderstood than in being overlooked.

This is to trust one's language—today a decidedly uncommon virtue—as an occasion in which a "world" might occur, in which: "a weedy speech/a marshy retainer" sustains a life or at least offers definition to its isolations. Thus Miss Niedecker relies on the fiercest, simplest powers of ordinary words, those words as Freud put it, in which the sum total of magic is repositied. In this she is a true keeper of the word-hoard, repurifying its contents through scrupulous use, reawakening in us the sheer dignity of human utterance.

Not that this should be mistaken for modesty or restraint; rather, it is usage located in necessity, a poetry (Roland Barthes's term) of a possible adventure: the meeting point of a sign and an intention. For Miss Niedecker it is the courageous intention to experience the world as it is, to arrive disarmed but for her language. Thus the poems are free of conceptions or prefigurations; they seem to be without intellectual means, appearing as artless as, say:

Who was Mary Shelley?
 what was her name
 before she married?
 She eloped with this Shelley
 she rode a donkey
 till the donkey had to be carried.
 Mary was Frankenstein's creator
 his yellow eye
 before her husband was to drown
 Created the monster nights
 after Byron, Shelley
 talked the candle down.
 Who was Mary Shelley?
 She read Greek, Italian
 She bore a child
 who died
 and yet another child
 who died.

The nature of an identity, a "named" so to speak, is defined as its givens, a pitiless analogue of its own history; so that the poem becomes a psychic vacuum which the reader is compelled to fill—a space won from fact to empathize in, to find some way if possible to experience the tragic irreducibility of the last four lines.

To experience the tragic, to not accept failure, but to know precisely what failure and bitterness have cost:

my life is hung up
 in the flood
 a wave-blurred
 portrait
 Don't fall in love
 with this face—
 it no longer exists

is the imaginative, the artistic dimension that can redeem us from indifferent or redundant fate. This is to obtain to a difficult and courageous beauty: to stay open to hurt and at the same moment subject oneself to an almost classical scrutiny:

What horror to awake at night
 and in the dimness see the light
 Time is white
 mosquitoes bite
 I've spent my life on nothing.
 The thought that stings.

Yet what Miss Niedecker has achieved, and this is what makes her work distinguished, is not to become the poet-victim of her condition but its agency, singing the song of her world and herself through herself. It is an objective, yet human magic which makes her poems seem as organic as the experiences they arise from, resonating with pure being rather than with associations. It is as though the linguistic act had been forced to an ultimate and concrete embrace of reflection creating an inviolable structure that could hold the transitory, the evanescent in a perpetually alive form:

Remember my little granite pail?
 The handle of it was blue
 Think what's got away in my life—
 Was enough to carry me thru.

That such self-examination seems never merely personal or oppressive is immaculate artistry, a capacity to make of the representations of one's memory the clean outlines of a myth. As poet-maker, Miss Niedecker seeks for the events in her life an absolute justice of words, a supra-literality of the self which can transform existence (and this is its tragedy) into judgment.

Her gift (now our gift) has been the courage to breach her own reticence, to speak simply and accurately as few poets do today. Thus despite their often bitter quality, these poems are peculiarly consoling to the reader, for they offer, above all, the comfort of substance, of authentic possession, the registration of a sensibility that:

took a lifetime
 to weep
 a deep
 trickle



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ARCHITECTURE

FREDERICK GUTHEIM

Mr. Gutheim is a Washington-based consultant on urban affairs and planning and former president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies. His volume, *The Potomac (Rivers of America Series)*, was recently reissued by Grosset & Dunlap.

Washington

Paolo Soleri's comprehensive review of his work since he moved to the Arizona desert almost twenty years ago at last permits a more definitive look at this significant architect and urban designer. Neglected perhaps, he is hardly unknown. Between the first publication of his proposal for a San Francisco Bay bridge in Elizabeth Mock's *Architecture of Bridges* (The Museum of Modern Art, 1949) and his recognition by the American Institute of Architects a couple of years ago, no one concerned with the imaginative

side of architecture has overlooked him. Two important articles on his work appeared in the *Architectural Forum*. Hundreds of enthusiastic students have worked in his unique summer program in the Paradise Valley; and thousands of visitors there have purchased his ceramic "wind bells."

But Arizona is not quite on the beaten track; and despite Soleri's graphic genius, publication is less than one requires to appreciate his accomplishment. One doubts that any publication could do this, even the ambitious current volume issued by the M.I.T. Press. The present exhibition, to which almost the entire Corcoran Gallery has been devoted, is a bold, important and necessary undertaking which has received a deserved success. In the face of two other excellent architectural shows, the Back Bay anniversary exhibition in Boston and the Guimard show at the Museum of Modern Art, this is unquestionably the most important architectural exhibition of the year. Timed to receive the support of the current interest in the environment, it has also been the most warmly received.

Soleri is a visual theorist of urban form. His exercises belong in the tradition of Sant'Elia and the Futurists, and their characteristic Art Nouveau concern with the total environment. His vocabulary has clear affinities with Antonio Gaudí, Frank Lloyd Wright, Bruce Goff and other exponents of organic design. His work ranks with the great and fantastic utopias of Tony Garnier, Le Corbusier's *ville radieuse*, Neutra's Rush City, Wright's Broadacre City, the megadomes of Buckminster Fuller, and other theoretical conceptions so typical of modern architecture. These are important as they have inspired the more limited achievements both of their own creators and of other architects. Soleri is more interesting and more important as a designer than such contemporary figures as Moishe Safdie, the designer of Habitat; and his megastructures are more appealing and convincing than those of Fumihiko Maki. But the richness, fertility and completeness of his conceptions reduce such pigeonholing to the level of shorthand indicators of the characteristics of his design.

Soleri wants us to live at high densities. He believes that this will lead to greater social cohesion and to the conservation of the natural environment threatened today by sprawling suburbs. His urban concepts are by no means technically inspired, but they do press

the resources of architectural technology to their limits. Monumentality impends. Buildings of unprecedented size, height and silhouette emerge, challenging the descriptive powers of their creator. One satisfaction in Soleri's exhibition is that he has at last been given the resources necessary to communicate this large and complicated vision, and he has made splendid use of this opportunity.

Models 20 feet high and drawings upward of 100 feet long present Soleri's urban concepts. It is a world of soaring terraces, balconied apartments, galleries and intimate spaces, below ground as well as above, related to their natural setting and connected by the thrilling bridges that are a particular Soleri production. These afford transportation, but more effectively they dissolve the artificial barriers separating architecture and engineering, and provide a powerful visual cement for the entire conception.

Structures are offered in a profuse complexity that rivals the world of natural organic forms. The hand-crafted version leads clearly to the variety offered by computer design and systems engineering. One room in the exhibition is given to a continuous multiple projector panorama of educational and building activities in Paradise Valley, where Soleri is slowly but convincingly realizing representative parts of his conception, Mesa City.

Here one can appreciate the technical feasibility of Soleri's proposals, but even more their awareness of the rich possibilities of human society. One assumes that the Italian community, with its institutions like the *passaggiata*, reflected in *corsos*, *gallerias* and *piazze*, is Soleri's social ideal. But still more powerfully he evokes the timeless spirit of vernacular and folk architecture, close to the soil, often regarded as the antithesis of modern technology. One summons up the exotic caves of Matera and Urgüp, the *trulli* of Alberobello, the mud architecture of the Zuni and the Hopi Indians, to support the sketches that pour from Soleri's pencil.

As an alternative to the disaster of the contemporary city, with its rotting and polluted core, its inchoate and exploited suburbs, and its hostile society, Soleri offers a utopia based on a reasonable conception of human dignity and society's potential, a richness of plastic experience far beyond what is provided by any contemporary city, and an unchallenged technical feasibility.

A quantum leap into the future, such as would be represented by the "Experimental City" for 200,000 people in the Minnesota prairie, could easily provide the practical occasion for the realizing of such a dream. And such occasions are sufficiently frequent that it is time we began to take them seriously. □

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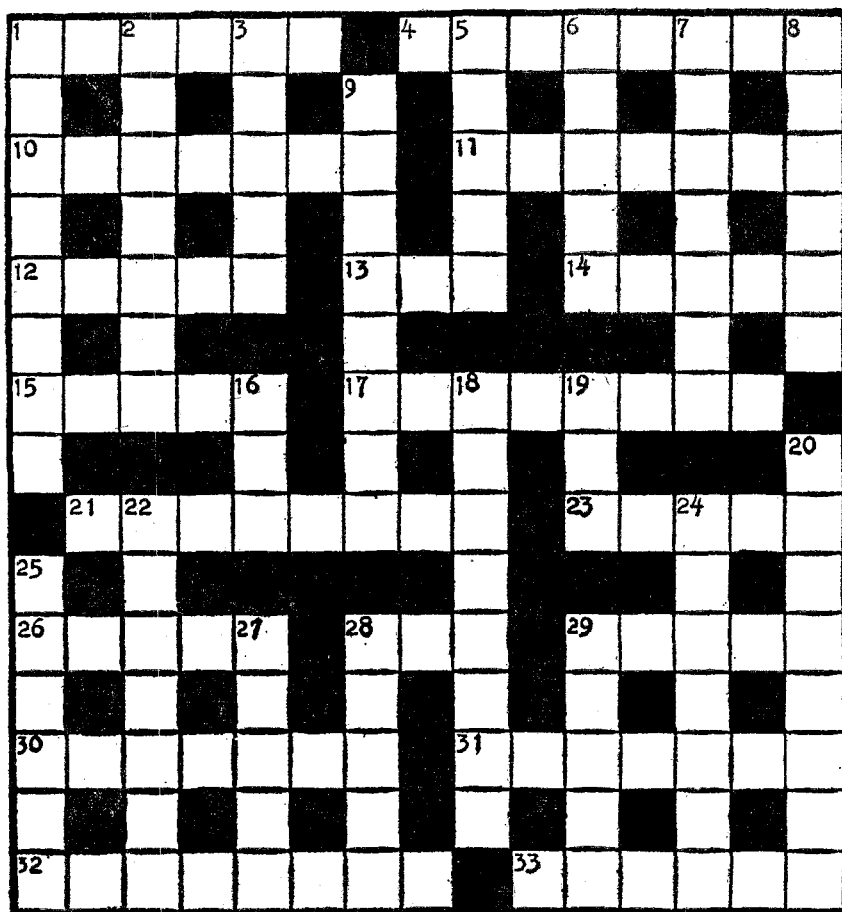
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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 You might see one doing his thing, but just barely! (6)
- 4 With the country sold, can't find enough to make it. (8)
- 10 Where the performance is primarily not 17. (7)
- 12 A man, alternatively his offspring. (5)
- 14 See 19 down
- 15 One is reasonably satisfied if things do. (3,2)
- 17 Not a currently active position, where they often go in play. (8)
- 21 One might have broken away from the party. (8)
- 23 Follow after. (5)
- 26 A hall designed to invoke reverence in some. (5)
- 28 and 25 down What happened to your speech? At least somebody agrees with you! (3,4,2)
- 29, 1 down and 11 across Not necessarily implying everything we put out is uncouth. (5,8,7)
- 30 Procyon, or Rin-Tin-Tin? (3,4)
- 31 Going to the top of the column? (7)
- 32 Some people can be difficult in a situation that's tricky. (8)
- 33 Sayings such as "Egad!" possibly. (6)

DOWN

- 1 See 29 across
- 2 Suited to be arranged in ranks. (7)
- 3 One might get 2 in this, as some strikers did. (5)

- 5 When 2 to go out, you might put your this for something to eat. (5)
- 6 When some people use it incorrectly in "Ye Olde Shoppe" does it prove irritating? (5)
- 7 The gun's aim is off, interestingly enough. (7)
- 8 Definitely not like something you know of! (6)
- 9 Not good scouts, or you could put a line through this way. (5,3)
- 16 and 13 across Give foreign food to your offspring, and it might cause serious complications. (6)
- 18 Fiercely sullen, with a pained expression during the meal. (8)
- 19 and 14 across You might in stud, as some women paint them. (8)
- 20 Did Garcia get one of them? (8)
- 22 A foreign place in which the American soldier is found to be in deep water. (7)
- 24 Gaining a point by fixing things up for the musicians? (7)
- 27 See 29 down
- 28 Each of them has several feet typified by one called 4. (5)
- 29 and 27 down This novel has a long thread to unravel. (5,5)

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